THE PROGRESS OF LOVE;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF STEPHEN ELLIOT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PROGRESS of LOVE.

CHAP. XXIII.

ELLIOT finding that he had not much to truſt to, from the eloquence of his tongue, while in the preſence of the widow Marchmont, was obliged to have recourſe to the perſuaſion of action. Drawing, therefore, his chair cloſe to that on which ſhe ſat, he inſinuated his hand into hers; and, as he ſpoke, held it entangled in amorous twinings. This was eloquence, addreſſed to the conſtitution of the widow, which ſhe could not reſiſt; and, placing her arm round the back of his chair, incipient of a wanton fold, ſhe cried, "O, Stephen, that you were leſs engaging, or more conſtant!"—

This ſituation was a hard trial for the chaſte love of Stephen; nor was it eaſy for him to extricate himſelf out of it with credit; for honour ſeemed, like Janus, prepared with two frowns, to puniſh him, whether he ſhould decline the advances of a beautiful woman, or become traitor to his conſtancy for Lady Adelaide. The laſt words and actions of the widow Marchmont were, indeed, too powerful for his virtue.—There is a fire which kindles, when youth of different ſexes touch each other, irreſiſtible in its force, of which the old retain only a faint remembrance; and it is with ſhame we muſt record, that our adventurer would ſoon have forgot his conſtancy, and the charms of his miſtreſs, in the arms of the widow, had not a violent rapping at the door prevented it. The widow beſought him to hide himſelf inſtantly; but it was impoſſible, the company were coming up, for the ſervant

vant had been wickedly diligent in letting them in. It was the ladies and gentleman who had been with the widow at the concert. They ran up ſtairs in a great hurry; the lady, who was burſting with her ſecret, unable to contain until ſhe got up, ſaying, "that ſhe muſt ſee Mrs. Marchmont immediately, as ſhe believed that ſhe had dropped one of her diamond ear-rings in her coach." When they came into the room, the feelings of Stephen and the widow were very awkward; but ſhe excuſed herſelf, with a true feminine quickneſs, by ſaying, that ſhe expected the company of three or four friends immediately, and invited them to ſtay ſupper alſo. She took care that apologies ſhould be ſent by her imaginary gueſts, before ſupper was ſerved up to her unexpected ones; and Stephen, finding that it would be impoſſible for him to ſtay after their departure, left the houſe before them,

and took his way home. Our hero was not ſufficient maſter of himſelf to reſiſt the temptation, if it approached too cloſe; but when he awakened from the delirium of paſſion, and ſhook off the fever of his blood, he rejoiced at his eſcape, and reſolved to come no more near the faſcinations of pleaſure which he was unable to withſtand. He recollected on this occaſion, not only what he owed to the beauteous Adelaide, but alſo the religious ſentiments, and moral ſtrictures, which had been addreſſed to his underſtanding by Dr. Enſor, when under that gentleman's care; and he regretted, from his ſoul, that he had ever given way to the deſtructive perſuaſions ſuggeſted by ſenſual and criminal gratification.

The next day, as Elliot was walking down Fleet-ſtreet, he perceived his friend Filmer juſt coming out of the entrance of the Temple. He appeared to

to have undergone a new metamorphoſis; for he was now clad in an old black coat and waiſtcoat, worſted ſtockings, and fuſtian breeches, all beſpattered with ink. He was amazed at ſeeing his old friend, whom he did not imagine to be in town, as he had not called on him; and poor Filmer was aſhamed to be ſeen by him in his preſent dreſs: for, though he was unable to reſiſt the mutability of his diſpoſition, he knew that he muſt incur the cenſure of his friends for giving way to it. Elliot, who wiſhed to ſpeak with him very much, propoſed that they ſhould adjourn to a neighbouring tavern, to dine together, where they might talk without interruption. To this Filmer conſented; and as ſoon as they had gotten there, and into a private room, Elliot, by way of emboldening his friend to relate his adventures, communicated to him every

thing which had occurred to himſelf ſince their laſt meeting. He then demanded of his friend, What had happened to him, and why he had changed his reſolution of accompanying the itinerant players? "O, as to that," ſaid Filmer, with ſome heſitation, "I continued with them for ſome time. I ſtudied my parts with diligence, and even obtained ſome applauſe; but I ſoon had reaſon to be tired of them; for the men were too diſſolute and low-lived for me to tolerate their company, and the women conſtantly betrayed me into ſcenes of debauchery. Beſides," continued he, "I found that I was beginning at the wrong end; and that it was neceſſary for me to know what to ſay, before I ſtudied how to ſay it. I therefore reſolved, ſome time ago, ſeriouſly to ſtudy my profeſſion; and, for this purpoſe, I went into a ſpecial pleader's office. But I begin already to be tired of a profeſ-

ſion,

ſion, where the little knowledge contained in it is hid in unintelligible jargon, and juſtice is impeded by abſurd and encumbering forms. I muſt confeſs alſo, that my fortune is almoſt ſpent in the various purſuits I have adopted, and which, from principle and a ſenſe of right, I have again rejected; and I have not money ſufficient to ſuſtain the appearance requiſite in that profeſſion." Elliot's regard for Filmer would permit him to reſtrain his opinion no longer. "Will you, my friend," ſaid he to his companion, "forgive the liberty I am going to take with you? That I love you, I am ſure you cannot doubt; and it is from this ſincere love that what I am going to ſay proceeds: were not this the caſe, you might fairly conſtrue it into impertinence. What can be the event of this unceaſing revolution of yours from profeſſion to profeſſion, but want of ſucceſsful advancement in life! Touch-

ing only at each, you cannot bring away improvement from any; and your faculties are in continual drudgery without receiving the benefits of employment. You are ſpending the fire of youth, without whoſe hopes and activity, you can neither acquire nor perſevere in any uſeful attainment; and you will at laſt be forced, from the ſluggiſhneſs of age, to ſettle fortuitouſly in ſome mode of life, which want of knowledge will render unpleaſing and unprofitable to you. In it, too, you muſt then drudge on in diſcontent, through the want of that ſucceſs to which your talents, if well employed, are juſtly entitled. You ſeem, my dear Filmer, only to continue at a profeſſion until you find out its difficulties; whereas, if you would courageouſly perſevere for ſome time longer, cuſtom would make them eaſy to you, and conſtant practice even pleaſant. You will forgive this intruſion of

of my advice, my dear friend," continued Elliot, who had obſerved the countenance of Filmer to grow diſturbed. "Indeed, Mr. Elliot," anſwered Filmer. "Do not make me repent of my ſincerity by miſtaking me," interrupted Elliot. "I beg your pardon, Elliot," rejoined Filmer, endeavouring to recollect himſelf, "but your advice has ſet me at variance with myſelf. It is in vain I ſtruggle to appear eaſy: your friendly counſel has ſhewn me how I have deceived myſelf, and made me aſhamed of the part I have played. I will, therefore, if you pleaſe, quit you now, and meet you here about an hour before this time, on the day after to-morrow; but I muſt tell you, that the profeſſion I believe I ſhall fix on, never more to change, is that of the ſea." After this they ſhook hands and parted.

Poor Filmer certainly was not well pleaſed at this diſcourſe of Elliot's:

though he perceived that he had thrown away his patrimony, and could not but acknowledge the juſtice of every obſervation his friend had made, yet they ſtruck him too much on a ſudden. He was hurt at his friend's ſuperiority, who could thus dive into the receſſes of his mind, and form concluſions at once, which he himſelf did not dare to draw after much contemplation. So powerful is vanity, which, as the Rambler remarks, will not bear that another ſhould obſerve thoſe failings in us, which we cannot avoid ſeeing ourſelves. No age nor condition is exempted from it, and in the woman of faſhion and the philoſopher it only changes its object. As ſubtle as the electric fluid, it pervades every action of life; it is to this that the flatterer owes his ſucceſs, and the politician his power of deluſion. Even he who has experienced, in the gloom of diſtreſs and the dazzle of good fortune,

tune, the vanity and tranſientneſs of adulation, ſmiles at the compliment he knows to be inſincere; and is involuntarily pleaſed with the application, while he deſpiſes the wretch who adminiſters to his folly. It is aſtoniſhing how this ſelf-complacency can give proportion to deformity and excellence to inſignificance; that with a priſmatic power, it diſtorts our qualities, and decks them with an uniform gaudy luſtre, imperceptible to others. I once knew two young men, both of them tolerably handſome, and both acknowledging the other to be more ſo than himſelf. Yet if they chanced to walk the ſtreet together, one of them would ſay, if a pretty woman looked that ſide of the way, "That girl eyed me very eagerly," without ever conſidering that it might have been his companion; who perhaps had all this time been reflecting with equal vanity and pleaſure, that the Lady

Lady had meant the honour to himſelf.

It is reported of Doctor Johnſon, that he ſaid of the Thrales, "I like theſe people; they flatter me." To me this appears not ſuch a brutal ſaying, as it does to the generality of the world. He had depth of reflection great enough to recognize the principle of vanity in his mind; but he felt that, like other men, he was unable to conquer it. Beſides, too, he was very ſubject to lowneſs of ſpirits; and a little circumſtance will either raiſe or depreſs a mind inflicted with that calamity. It is natural, therefore, that he ſhould like that intellectual pampering, which, until reflection got the better of nature, put him into a good humour with himſelf. Nor is it a diſgrace to that amiable family, if they did flatter him. It ſhewed that they poſſeſſed that ſingular greatneſs of mind, which could pay homage

homage to abilities, not riches; and endure the moroſe waywardneſs of diſcontented pride, for the rich treaſure of intellect which accompanied it. Where we admire, the hyperbole of compliment is in general no more than the genuine language of the heart; and perhaps from their example alone, genius is not quite to deſpair, in this age, of reclining its aged head at eaſe in the arms of wealth. It is owing to this univerſal prevalence of vanity, that there is a certain degree of diſſimulation eſſentially neceſſary to be practiſed by every one who is converſant in life. The ſturdy ſincerity of our anceſtors has invented no word that I know of, to expreſs this degree of harmleſs hypocriſy. It is the neceſſary conſequence of refinement in thought and of manners; it is an eſſential branch of complaiſance, for which the external graces of deportment and elegance of form can by no means

means compenſate. It is a good-natured blindneſs towards the foibles of others, which ſhews a wiſh to pleaſe. It conſiſts in forbearing to exerciſe our own vanity, and aſſert our own opinion, and not in abſolutely ſacrificing our own ſentiments, and doing violence to our own feelings, by raiſing or extolling theirs by our praiſe or ingenuity. If a perſon boaſt of qualifications which I know that he does not poſſeſs, why ſhould I wiſh enviouſly to make him uneaſy by ſeeming to doubt it? If an erroneous opinion ſhould be poſitively advanced, why ſhould I be the intellectual knight-errant to combat it? In both caſes, I only diſplay an ill-natured ſagacity; my advice will be thrown away, and produce hatred inſtead of reformation. Were there even rational hopes of convincing one perſon in company, it might be wrong to appear ſilent; but where we cannot ſucceed, there

is no neceſſity of becoming martyrs, merely to manifeſt the truth. Let every fool, therefore, baſk in the ſunſhine of his own good opinion, unmoleſted by me; my complaiſance ſhall never carry me to confirm or defend the folly of any man; but I will appear not to ſee what I know it is impoſſible to remove, nor will I by my interference make the ſore more odious which I cannot cure. I would wiſh even that this diſſimulation were carried farther, and that man and wife would adopt juſt ſo much of it, as would prevent that lamentable cuſtom of quarrelling about trifles, which is the great ſource of matrimonial hatred. Where a couple ſincerely love one another, there is no occaſion for this artificial affection, for then the will of the one becomes the wiſh of the other. But as I think too much love is not the fault of this age, this well-timed diſguiſe might at length betray

tray their ill-judged connexion into friendſhip and eſteem. If a woman aſks her huſband "if ſhe does not look very well to-day?" why need he gratify an uſeleſs ſpleen, by ſwearing that her looks are abominable! Why, if an huſband wiſhes his wife to ſtay at home for one night, will ſhe betray a diſpleaſure at obeying, which makes compliance more grating than refuſal? Yet on trifles light as theſe I have known ſerious quarrels to take place, between people whom the whole town praiſe as very affectionate, and ſpeak of as enjoying all the calms of which matrimony is capable. Having, from that natural love which every one has of hearing themſelves talk, got again into an ethical digreſſion, I ſhall cloſe the chapter for the reader's repoſe, promiſing that, if he will forgive me this time, I ſhall not be guilty of many more ſuch faults until the work is finiſhed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

ELLIOT was at firſt afraid that he had offended Filmer, and he repented of the openneſs of his heart; but as he knew that his friend poſſeſſed ingenuouſneſs of mind ſufficient to weigh his motives, and eſteem his advice (as it really was) a ſure teſt of his friendſhip, he ſoon made himſelf eaſy on that head. As he was going towards home, he pleaſed himſelf with the thoughts that his friend would fix on a profeſſion, the variety of which would afford ſufficient amuſement for the variations of his inclination, without much detriment to his advancement in it; and he conſidered with joy, that he had the means of ſerving him in the intereſt of Lord Sternhold. But how vain are human expectations and proſpects! He who had already in his own mind beheld

held Filmer an Admiral through his intereſt with his uncle, had almoſt loſt all that intereſt during his abſence. On his arrival at the door of Lord Sternhold's houſe, in Mancheſter Square, he met Lord Moreton coming out, and bowed to him; but the other hardly returned his ſalute. In fact, this was the day on which Lord Moreton had, in purſuance of Reynel's advice, come to wait on Lord Sternhold, to requeſt his interference in preventing his nephew from ſtealing away his daughter, as he termed it. He found Lord Sternhold, who had only juſt dined, at home, for he was too plain a bred man not to be eaſy of acceſs. He repreſented to him, that his nephew had taken advantage of his daughter's youth and inexperience; and wanted not only to run away with her without his conſent, but had gained her regards even after he knew that ſhe had been promiſed

promiſed to another perſon, who was his near relation, and would be the repreſentative of his family after his deceaſe. He mentioned likewiſe, that Elliot had baſely deſerted a woman of fortune, to whom he was contracted, and to whom he had been under great obligations, whoſe name was Marchmont.

This laſt piece of information he owed to the active malice of Reynel; and indeed the talk of a marriage between them had been circulated pretty generally through the country, by the induſtry of Elliot's own father, who conſidered this as the moſt likely means of promoting it. He then conjured Lord Sternhold, for the ſake of honour and his regard to parental authority, that he would make his nephew promiſe ſolemnly to renounce all thoughts of his daughter; and that he would oblige him to put this in writing, that he might thus do away

away the ſcruples of an innocent, unſuſpecting girl, whom he had, in treacherous violation of hoſpitality, inveigled into a promiſe of marriage. Such was the ſubſtance of the conference which Lord Moreton had with Stephen's uncle. It is dangerous to let any one tell his ſtory before you; for it is ten to one but ſome of the prepoſſeſſions, which it ſtrives to faſten, will ſtick. This is eſpecially the fact with regard to old people, who are violently addicted to credit what they firſt hear. It happened unluckily that Lord Sternhold was, at preſent, in this predicament; and it was not difficult for Stephen to perceive, by his looks, that ſomething had been told to him, by Lord Moreton, to his diſadvantage. His Lordſhip, however, did not long permit him to be tormented with doubting; but began immediately to open his mind by telling him, "that he had always conſi-

ſidered

dered him as a man of honour; and that he had hoped, that he had more of his blood in him than to commit ſuch a baſe action as attempting to ſteal away Lord Moreton's daughter; that nothing could extenuate it, eſpecially as he was his particular friend." "My Lord," replied Elliot, a good deal alarmed, "I perceive that Lord Moreton has miſrepreſented matters to you: I never attempted to run away with his daughter, nor would I dare to propoſe ſuch a thing to her; ſhe is too ſcrupulouſly dutiful ever to agree to it. I know that her father will never conſent to an union between her and me; I have, therefore, no expectation of its ever taking place; but ſurely his Lordſhip ought to be content with ruining my happineſs ſo far, without ſeeking to injure me in your friendſhip!"—"Stephen," replied Lord Sternhold, "no one can do ſo while you act up to thoſe principles

ciples which I have hitherto heard you profeſs. You ſay that Lady Adelaide Moreton would not run away with you; but I hope alſo, you conſider yourſelf ſprung from my ſiſter, and would not take away any man's daughter without his conſent. You ſay, that you can have no expectations of marrying Lady Adelaide; and you have good reaſon for the opinion, as you know that her father has promiſed her to another. You may, therefore, comply with my requeſt, of telling her father that you think ſo, by which you will make my friend happy, and do no injury to yourſelf." This was a reaſonable demand, conſidering what Stephen had ſaid; for the ſeaman was ignorant of the inconſiſtencies of love, and, grown old, had forgotten the indiſſoluble charm with which the witch-craft even of irrational hope binds the youthful mind. Elliot, who could not bear that any one

one ſhould imagine that he had no hopes except himſelf, and who could not tolerate the thought of abandoning his miſtreſs, eſpecially now, as he could not doubt that ſhe loved him; not knowing what to anſwer, remained ſilent. "What! no anſwer?" exclaimed his uncle. "Stephen, I have yet an heavier charge to bring againſt you than this: how could you act ſo diſhonourably, as for a greater fortune to leave a woman to whom you were before contracted? Paſſion may plead the infirmity of nature; but what can be ſaid in favour of avarice?" His nephew, in aſtoniſhment, vehemently denied that ſuch a thing had ever taken place, and expreſſed much indignation at the ſuppoſition. "Well," continued his Lordſhip, "we will leave this matter over for the preſent, which I ſhould be ſorry to find true; but I muſt tell you, that I think the requeſt of Lord Moreton ſo reaſonable,

able, that I have promiſed to him that you ſhould either comply with it or quit this houſe; and I muſt ſay, that without you are a wicked hypocrite, you cannot refuſe." "My Lord," returned Elliot, all on fire at this laſt ſpeech, "you have done right to promiſe for your nephew without deigning to conſult him. As to living in your houſe, I am ſorry that I have ſo long been a burthen to your Lordſhip; but I ſcorn to remain any longer with one who wiſhes to erect an unreaſonable tyranny over my inclinations." Lord Sternhold, who loved Elliot extremely, was ſurpriſed and hurt at this reply. He told him, "that he might pleaſe himſelf; but he would adviſe him to conſider whether it will be right to abandon one who had been ſo kind to him, for a ſilly girl whom he never could attain." "My Lord," rejoined Stephen, quite maſtered by paſſion, "it is you who

who have abandoned your nephew, when you forgot to treat him as a gentleman. I ſhall always remember the obligations I have received from you, though you have leſſened them by this repetition. However, never will I put it in your power to inſult me with the remembrance of another." Having ſaid this, he quitted the room in a hurry, leaving Lord Sternhold enraged at his paſſionate, diſreſpectful behaviour towards him. He conſidered it as indicating a want of love for him, which, as he himſelf loved Stephen, hurt his pride and chagrined him very much. Elliot, as ſoon as he quitted his uncle's preſence, ſent Phelim for a coach, and drove away from the houſe immediately. When paſſion gave him a little time to conſider, he reflected that he had but five guineas in the world; and that it was neceſſary that he ſhould hire a cheap lodging, in which he might abide, until

he could find out ſome method of ſupporting himſelf. In his preſent temper of mind, he was not difficult to pleaſe; he took poſſeſſion of a ſecond floor in Titchfield-Street, and ſent Phelim with the carriage forthwith for his clothes. When his ſervant was gone, he began to conſider that he could no longer ſupport him; and yet he knew not how to part with the faithful creature, who had ſerved him ſo affectionately. It was now that he firſt fully perceived the neceſſity of money towards gratifying our wiſhes, and procuring our felicity. When Phelim returned with the trunks of his maſter, he ſtill continued muttering to himſelf as he was laying them down, "Devil fire his old ſoul!"—Stephen ſat all this while meditating how he ſhould break to Phelim his reſolution of parting with him. He heſitated to tell the poor fellow what he knew would afflict him, and he

was

was even aſhamed to confeſs that he had fallen out with his uncle. At laſt he ſaid to him, "Phelim, I have quarrelled with my uncle." "Ay, maſter, replied his man, "ſo I was told: may the devil ſweat the old ſea-horſe!"—"I am now," continued his maſter, not minding his interruption, "unable, from want of money, to maintain myſelf; I am, therefore obliged, Phelim, though with the utmoſt reluctance, to part with you. I ſhall bear ample teſtimony to whomſoever you ſhall refer to me, that you poſſeſs every qualification which can make a ſervant valuable; nor, if fortune ſmiles on me, ſhall I conſider you as ever having been out of my ſervice, though I am obliged to diſpenſe with your attendance at preſent. Here, Phelim," continued he, pulling out his purſe, and looking in his ſervant's face, which exhibited the genuine picture of ſorrow; "here is

the half of what money I have; I can only reward you with this and half my clothes, for I ſhall have no occaſion for finery now. But be aſſured, that no change in life ſhall blot out of my remembrance, a ſincere regard for your friendſhip and fidelity."

Having ſaid this, he advanced to ſhake his valet by the hand; but the poor Iriſhman was not proof againſt this affectionate farewell: he burſt into tears; nor could the heart of Elliot, wound up to almoſt an equal pitch of ſoftneſs, refuſe a ſympathetic drop. As ſoon as Phelim had recovered the uſe of ſpeech, he ſaid, "And ſo, maſter, you would turn off your poor Phelim, who has always loved you!" "You ſee, Phelim," anſwered Elliot, "it is not my inclination, but neceſſity which obliges me to make you quit me; therefore take this money to maintain you until you get into place." "——— to my ſoul, if I do!" replied

replied the man in a paſſion; "or, if I ever leave you. You may be ſo hard-hearted as to keep me out of your room; but I'll ſtarve at the ſtreet-door, for never will I ſerve any blackguard after ſuch a maſter." Our adventurer ſaw that it would be vain to attempt making him go at preſent; he therefore reſolved to let him remain with him until he could familiariſe him to the idea of leaving him, and get him a place. "Well, Phelim," ſaid he, "ſince you are ſo determined, you ſhall ſtay with me while I have a half-penny left; but ſtill conſider that you muſt ſoon quit me." The Iriſhman, who thought it impoſſible that his maſter ſhould ever want money for any time, ſeemed quite ſatisfied at this conceſſion, and went whiſtling about his buſineſs, plainly ſhewing that he did not know what he was doing, and often caſting an eye at his maſter, as if he was afraid he would run away

from him. Elliot remained that night and the enſuing day in his lodgings, conſidering what he ſhould do with himſelf; nor could he determine on any thing, for he had been thrown far out of the ſituation in life to which he had been accuſtomed, and he could not all at once ſo far forget what he had been, as to be able to reſolve to throw himſelf into any inferior department immediately. The only thing on which he determined was, to go and conſult Doctor Enſor; and to this, perhaps, he was induced by the conſideration, that he might have the happineſs of beholding Lady Adelaide, and if it was neceſſary to quit the kingdom (which, as his pride wiſhed to conceal his poverty, he was inclined to do), that he might take his farewell of her.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

TIRED with having ſpent much time in reflecting on his gloomy fortune, Elliot went out to viſit one of his acquaintance, that he might diſſipate the melancholy which ſolitude and his unhappy ſtate had cauſed. But rumour had been more active than him; and the report that he had been obliged to quit Lord Sternhold's in diſgrace, had, with numberleſs additions and miſrepreſentations, already reached moſt of thoſe whom he viſited. Stephen quickly perceived that his misfortune was known; for the noble mind, when unfortunate, is too apt to be jealous of its dignity and ſuſpicious of inſult. Nor is the world inclined to ſoften this pain of misfortune; and poor Elliot found, by the malicious inſinuation, the half-concealed whiſper, the cauſtic alluſion,

the cutting ſneer, and the ſarcaſtic laugh, that every fool thought himſelf elevated by his depreſſion. His company could be no longer courted by vanity for his riches; nor could it be acceptable for its obſequiouſneſs, as he had not yet learned the fawn of adulation. He was now treated with the coldneſs of an intruder; his obſervations were no longer liſtened to with accuſtomed deference; he met with indifference inſtead of admiration; and rude familiarity inſtead of reſpect. Even among the youth of the other ſex, with whom his beauty, gallantry, and amiable manners had procured him a greater and more laſting influence, he found that wealth was not without its attractions. O riches, how do we adore you! O world, how ungenerouſly doſt thou add another ſting to the tortured heart, and lay the heavy hand of ſcorn on the ſinking mind! To be unfortunate is not

not to be wicked; and the thread-bare garb of poverty may hide an heart rich with a gem of honour, to which the ſtar-decked breaſt of peers is poor. Our adventurer could not long bear ſuch company as this; he had ſought relief from the ill-nature of one ſet, in the ſociety of another; but ſtill found himſelf the diſappointed victim of malignity. He recollected that he had made an appointment with Filmer to dine with him that day, and he reſolved to keep it. He found his friend punctual; and Elliot, made more melancholy by the ingratitude and unfeeling treatment of his acquaintance, communicated his misfortunes to him. Neither of them was ſufficient maſter of himſelf to give advice to the other, or in a ſituation to adminiſter conſolation; and after ſitting about an hour after dinner over a bottle, in all the tender good fellow-

ſhip which an equality of bad fortune inſpires, they agreed to adjourn to the playhouſe, there to forget, in the deluſions of fictitious ſorrow, their own unhappineſs. Stephen, partly from habit, and partly from an unwillingneſs to expoſe his poverty, went to the boxes. The play, which was *Venice preſerved*, began almoſt as ſoon as they came in. The part of Belvidera was played by Mrs. Siddons; in admiring whoſe wonderful performances, every one is an enthuſiaſt. Her comprehenſion is ſo extenſive, that ſhe can accompany the poet in his moſt difficult excurſions; and has expreſſion ſo exquiſite, that ſhe can make the moſt delicate turns of thought and paſſion palpable. To the ſpectators of ſuch an actreſs, all is reality; but there were ſome ſentiments in the Tragedy which applied ſo juſtly to himſelf, that he could not avoid paying a double tribute of ſorrow,

row; and, like the Greek tragedian mourning in the play, he wept in the fable his domeſtic calamity. When the play was over, and he was going out of the houſe with his friend, he ſaw a young buck, who appeared to be a little intoxicated with liquor, juſtle, violently, an old gentleman in a blue coat, ſo as to endanger throwing him down. Stephen, involuntarily, cried out, "For ſhame!" and the young man, who, with his blood thus inflamed, would have quarrelled with his ſhadow for following him, immediately ſaid, "Sir, what is that to you?"—"Sir," replied Elliot, "it is the duty of every gentleman not to let thoſe be inſulted, who are unable to protect themſelves." "Sir," anſwered the other, "what I have done, I am prepared to juſtify, either to you or any one elſe, who is ſo impertinent as to interfere;" and he then gave Stephen his ticket, which, ſtung by the inſolence

inſolence of the ſpeaker, he immediately accepted. He had ſcarce time to put it up, when he perceived his uncle, Lord Sternhold, who was the perſon inſulted ſtruggling with a gentleman, who appeared to be an acquaintance of his, to come at the perſon who had thus miſuſed him; for he did not as yet think himſelf too old to reſent an injury. Our hero, perceiving who it was, loved his uncle too well, notwithſtanding his imagined ill uſage, to permit him, old as he was, to embroil himſelf any further. So, calling to the gentleman, whoſe name was Melford, he deſired him to follow him out immediately. This the other complied with; and they both got out of one of the box entrances, before Lord Sternhold could free himſelf from the graſp of an old friend, who wiſhed to prevent him from quarrelling. As ſoon as Elliot and Mr. Melford were got into the ſtreet, the former,

mer, ſeeing that his uncle was now ſafe, told his antagoniſt, that he thought the night an improper time for finiſhing this buſineſs; "for," added he, "we may both of us have ſome affairs to ſettle." To this propoſal the other, whom a ſenſe of his danger had made more cool, willingly conſented.

After they had parted, to meet the next day, Filmer, as he walked home with Elliot, argued very much againſt the unreaſonableneſs and unchriſtian principle of duelling. He declared, "that the method of revenge among the Portugueſe and Italians was much more rational, and full as agreeable to our religious tenets. For we go out," ſaid he, "only with the alternative, whether we ſhall commit murder or ſuicide. Beſides too, the principle of it is in the higheſt degree fooliſh; for, becauſe a man has done me a wrong, I will, by way of retaliation, give him an

an opportunity to put me out of the world." "I acknowledge the juſtice of your obſervations," replied Elliot; "but I truſt that ſome allowances will be made, both here and hereafter, for the tyrrany of a cuſtom, too violent for an individual to oppoſe; and that it will be conſidered, that if a young man ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to get into a quarrel, he muſt either ſubmit to this cuſtom or renounce ſociety, through the diſgrace annexed, though falſely, to purſuing a contrary conduct. You ſee then, my friend," continued Elliot, "that I am not an advocate for duelling; it is a practice which every humane being, on juſt reflection, muſt abhor; and I am in good hopes that I ſhall have no occaſion to do violence to my inclinations in that way on the morrow." Filmer, after having promiſed to be our hero's friend, if there ſhould be any occaſion, left him at his lodgings

lodgings to reflect on what might be the conſequences of the night's tranſactions. What our adventurer principally felt uneaſy for was, that his interference would look as if he wanted again to reſtore himſelf to the favor of his uncle. But he reſolved that his conduct ſhould ſhew that he had no ſuch intention; and he pleaſed himſelf with the idea, that, by extricating his uncle from this quarrel, he would, in ſome meaſure, repay the kindneſs he had ſhewn to him; and that thus he would not in future be burthened with the memory of owing an obligation to a man who had uſed him ill. Stephen, when he went to bed, ſpent moſt of the night in thinking of Lady Adelaide. Indeed ſhe was the only perſon for whom he wiſhed to live; and had it not been for the recollection of her love, he could, in his preſent melancholy, have thrown away his life without regret. As he lay awake,

awake, he pleaſed himſelf with compoſing a letter to her, filled with proteſtations of his love. "If ever ſhe receives this," ſaid he, "ſhe muſt rely on it as truth.—I ſhall then be no more; and ſhe muſt ſee that my declarations ſpring from nothing but the ſincere warmth of heart-felt paſſion." He reſolved, if he ſhould be obliged to go out to the ground, to ſteal time to write it, and to charge his ſecond to deliver it to his miſtreſs, if any thing ſhould happen to him. He aroſe by times the next morning; and, dreſſing himſelf, waited on Mr. Melford, whom he found juſt ſitting down to breakfaſt with another gentleman. After a deal of ceremony (for gentlemen are never ſo punctiliouſly polite, as when they are determined to cut one another's throats), Mr. Melford aſked him,—"Why he had not brought a gentleman along with him?" adding, "This gentleman is ſo kind, Sir, as to be my friend

friend on the occaſion." "Sir," replied Elliot, "I hope there will be no neceſſity for it. I frankly declare, that I do not approve of ſettling diſputes by the ſword; and I am not afraid that any man of real ſpirit will think worſe of me for the confeſſion. I am ſure, Mr. Melford," continued Elliot, "you muſt be ſenſible, upon deliberation, that you were wrong laſt night in affronting an unoffending old gentleman, as I am ſure it was the effect of ebriety, and not of inclination." "But ſuppoſing that I was ſo, Sir," returned the other, "what buſineſs was that of yours? What right had you to intermeddle?" "Sir," replied Elliot, "I can allege a ſufficient right for a man of true honour and humanity, when I ſay, that you were ſtrong and he was weak---that he was innocent and you were guilty. However, Sir, I am not driven to that general plea; the perſon

ſon you treated ill laſt night was Lord Sternhold, my uncle."

Stephen perceived that he had made ſome impreſſion on them, eſpecially when they heard, that it was a man of conſequence whom Melford had affronted: he added, therefore, "Come, Sir, I am ſure you perceive your error, and are willing to atone for it, by making Lord Sternhold a ſufficient apology." "Sir," anſwered the other, "I have reſolved never to make an apology." "Really!" rejoined our hero, aſtoniſhed at the declaration; "you will give me leave to ſay, that I look upon this as the wildeſt principle I ever heard. So, you will rather add injury to injury, than endeavour to do away the firſt; and you attempt to palliate and juſtify one wrong, by the commiſſion of another! Why, Sir, by this principle, you lay a violent claim to infallibility, and reſolve to put every man to death who

who ſhall dare to diſpute it!" This ſpeech, delivered half in a jeſting manner, had ſuch an effect on Mr. Melford's ſecond, that he declared "Mr. Elliot to be very right; and that, if Mr. Melford was determined to carry the matter further, he muſt get ſome other perſon to embark his honour in his cauſe, for he would not." In fact, after a little more converſation, Melford acknowledged his error; and promiſed to go, on that very day, and apologize to Lord Sternhold. He wanted Stephen to go with him; but he refuſed, declaring, that he would be better pleaſed, that it ſhould appear to be done by Mr. Melford's original intention to repair the injury, than by any interference of his. After this affair was thus ſettled, he ſat down with the two gentlemen to breakfaſt; and they parted, well pleaſed with each other about one o'clock; Elliot going immediately

mediately home, and Mr. Melford and his friend to wait on Lord Sternhold.

CHAP. XXVI.

As ſoon as our hero arrived at his lodgings, conſidering that no time was to be loſt in idleneſs, as his money was almoſt exhauſted, he reſolved to go immediately to conſult Dr. Enſor on the beſt method of diſpoſing of himſelf. He had not, however, time to prepare for his journey, when he was prevented from commencing it by the appearance of Dr. Enſor himſelf.—This good man, it ſeems, having ſome buſineſs to tranſact in London, had, as ſoon as he arrived in town, gone to ſeek his beloved pupil at Lord Sternhold's; where Stephen, immediately after his kind reception by his Lordſhip, had written to him that he was ſituated.

ſituated. But learning from Lord Sternhold their rupture, and the cauſe of it, he had, through the ſervants' means, diſcovered his lodgings; where he met him, as was before related, preparing to ſet out for Courville.--- The Doctor, after ſitting for ſome time waiting to let Stephen begin to unburthen his mind to him, perceiving him too irreſolute and embarraſſed, began by obſerving, "that theſe were very comfortable lodgings he had got into. I ſuppoſe, my dear Stephen," continued he, "you quit your uncle's becauſe you find your attention diſtracted from ſtudy by company, and indeed I think you in the right; beſides, his apartments there were too ſpacious, and the windows too large. Your narrow rooms limit the attention to the object it wiſhes to conſider; and little light is favourable to the eyes." Stephen replied not to this raillery, nor could his friend continue it longer; aſſuming,

aſſuming, therefore, a ſerious tone, he ſaid, "What a fooliſh part have you been playing, my friend! Why have you affronted Lord Sternhold?" "I did not affront him intentionally," anſwered Stephen; "but I quitted his houſe becauſe he would have impoſed terms on me which he had no right to do." "And what were thoſe terms?" interrogated the Doctor. Elliot bluſhed, and ſaid nothing. "I will ſpare you the pain of confeſſing your weakneſs," ſaid his tutor; "for I have been with his Lordſhip, who has told me the whole matter; and he laments ſincerely that you have given him cauſe to be angry with you, for what he denominates an unprincipled obſtinacy. Did you not, my dear Stephen, promiſe me, before you came up to this city, before you left Courville, that you would baniſh Lady Adelaide Moreton from your thoughts? And what can induce you to perſevere in this

this infatuation? Why will you ſo unwiſely irritate your uncle, who is fond of you, and has no child, that you may worſhip an airy phantom, when you know that you can never expect to gain the hand of Lady Adelaide? Do not, therefore, let me intreat you, my dear ſon, do not give up the ſolid hopes of obtaining a conſiderable ſhare of your uncle's property, for thoſe improbable ones which never can be gratified, and alone produce your miſery." This hope, which Dr. Enſor entertained of Elliot's inheriting a conſiderable portion of Lord Sternhold's property, was a ſtrong motive for him to interfere warmly, in procuring his pupil's compliance: his Lordſhip having declared to him that, however willing he might be to forgive his nephew, he could not do it until he had obtained ſuch a declaration from him, as he had ſolemnly promiſed Lord Moreton that he would procure, or never ſee his nephew again. But this

conſideration had very little weight with Stephen; he even found a ſecret pleaſure, which none but the moſt romantic mind could experience, in becoming a victim to the ſincerity of his paſſion. Dr. Enſor, therefore, finding that he liſtened to this argument with a ſullen indifference, found himſelf obliged to change his battery. "I am ſorry, Elliot," ſaid he, "that you cannot be ſwayed with reaſon in this matter; I could wiſh that you would conſider it diſpaſſionately." "I can never, Sir," replied Elliot, with ſome warmth, "deſert what I think right; nor can any ſelfiſh conſiderations induce me to abandon my love." "Take care," rejoined the Doctor, "that you do not now act from ſelfiſh motives." "Can that be," interrupted Elliot, "when I have no hopes of poſſeſſing her, and all I wiſh is to keep my fidelity inviolate? Why ſhould any one envy me this poor conſolation?" "You ſay,

that

that you are ſure ſhe never can be yours," continued Dr. Enſor, "and yet you continue to think of her! But ſee, my dear friend, with what fatal conſequences this reſolution of yours is pregnant, in regard to the lady herſelf. Her father has declared that he will watch and treat her with a degree of jealous harſhneſs, until ſhe conſents to marry Reynel. Now it is known that your declarations would further this; and thus you expoſe her you love moſt in the world to the horrors of diſobedience, and a puniſhment worſe than actual impriſonment, rather than promiſe that you never will endeavour to gain her hand, of which you yourſelf declare that you have no hopes. If you free her father from the idea of danger from you, by that will ſhe be freed from confinement.—Think what muſt be her preſent ſituation; deprived of every ſolace to which ſhe has been accuſtomed; torn

with contention between love and filial duty; pining away her youth, and fading the bloom of her beauty; weeping over her misfortunes—which a few lines of yours might diſſipate." The Doctor ſaw in his looks, that he had touched upon the ſtring of perſuaſion. Continuing, therefore, he ſaid, "Can my ſon, whom I always thought the ſoul of honour, thus ſuffer one he adores to be miſerable, ſooner than ſacrifice ſome ſelfiſh, unfounded expectations of his own? Let me conjure you, by the regard you have for me, who have watched over your earlier years, ſhew a maſtery over your paſſions, and a ſenſe of right. By your love for Lady Adelaide herſelf, who wiſhes to be reſtored to her father's affection, to her tranquillity of mind, and to be freed from the cenſure of the world which muſt now purſue her, conſent to ſay, that you relinquiſh hopes, the conſummation of which,

you

you know it never will be in your power to attain." Elliot could not withſtand this attack upon his generoſity: "You have prevailed, Dr. Enſor," ſaid he, with a frantic air. "O Adelaide, to ſerve thee, I will undo myſelf! To procure peace to thy lovely boſom, I will write a falſehood, which, otherwiſe, not all the tortures of an Inquiſition could exact from me!" Having ſaid this, he wrote a letter to her with a trembling hand and the utmoſt impatience, mentioning, "that the inflexibility of her father, and his own misfortunes, had put a period to his hopes; that as he knew too well a union could never take place between them, he releaſed her from any promiſe ſhe had made to him, that ſhe might be at liberty to regain her father's love, by a compliance with his inclinations." When he had finiſhed this letter, in which, notwithſtanding the whiſperings of his heart, he did

not inſert one tender ſentiment or fond expreſſion, he handed it to his friend, and walked about the room as if unable to think on what he had done.—As ſoon as the Doctor had read the letter, he begged of poor Elliot to be compoſed, and ſaid that he would go with it himſelf to Mancheſter-ſquare, and return immediately. But pity for Stephen's ſituation forced the tears from his eyes; and, embracing him with parental fondneſs, he ſaid, "O excellent young man, would that I could make thy happineſs equal to thy merit! but forget not, my ſon, that the virtuous ſhrink not under adverſity." Having ſaid this, he departed, leaving Stephen in a ſtate of diſtraction; for the degree of generoſity he had exerted, was too great for human nature to ſupport, and he already repented of his diſintereſted renunciation. There is a degree of ſelf-love in our compoſition, which we never

can

can completely eradicate; the moſt exalted ſoul riſes above it but for a moment; its exertions are, if I may ſo ſpeak, but the flutterings of unfledged virtue, attempting to learn a flight, the angelic ſoar of which, it can alone attain in a future ſtate. While Stephen continued in this ſituation, his man Phelim came into the room. He had been there when Enſor began to mention Lord Sternhold; and, from the intereſt he had in the affair, both on his maſter's account and his own, had ſtaid to liſten at the door, to know whether they were to go back to Mancheſter-ſquare or not. As he had heard every thing, he came in in a violent paſſion, and, regardleſs of the ſituation he beheld his maſter in, cried, "Blood-a-nowns, Sir, what ſort of a knock-ſoftly are you, to give up your miſtreſs like a beaten cock? You might then have ſtarved yourſelf to death with honour; but now you are

not worthy the victuals you will have to eat." "Villain!" cried Elliot, "dare you find fault and upbraid me? curſe your preſumption!" and he immediately hit him a violent blow in the face, which made the blood trickle down in great quantities.

Phelim, who ſaw that his maſter was in ſuch a fury, took the blow apparently with patience, and only ſaid, "By my ſoul, my faithful ſervices have not deſerved this." The ſight of the blood had diſarmed Elliot of his anger a little, and he ſaid, "Leave me inſtantly; all the vengeance I have power to execute is due to myſelf, who have baſely deſerted my love. Be gone; I ſhould be ſorry that your preſence would provoke me to further miſchief." Phelim waited not an inſtant, but went out of the room, and immediately after quitted the houſe.

While our adventurer was acting thus, Doctor Enſor reached Lord Stern-

Sternhold's; and finding him at home, he delivered Stephen's letter to Lady Adelaide into his poſſeſſion, ſaying, "Here, Sir, this is a proof of your nephew's worth, which I have torn from him; but ſuch another ſcene I would not be an actor in for your fortune. Had Lord Moreton a juſt regard for the happineſs of his daughter, and to having a ſon-in-law who would grace riches, and do honour to nobility, he would not be that enemy to Mr. Elliot's alliance, which he is. But it is vain now to conſider this; it remains only in the breaſt of your Lordſhip to reflect what a ſacrifice your nephew has made on account of your promiſe;" and he then gave him a particular detail of their converſation. "Believe me, Sir," replied his Lordſhip, "I cannot forget it, nor will I be ungrateful. But you would oblige me if you would bring him hither, as no one has ſuch influence over him as

you, and I am afraid that, in his preſent temper, he will obey no one elſe; I long, indeed, to thank him on another account alſo. Here he alluded to his nephew's generous interference with Melford, every thing relative to which tranſaction, the latter had communicated to Lord Sternhold, when he went to apologize to him for his rudeneſs. Doctor Enſor haſtened immediately to Stephen's lodgings; for he hoped to divert his thoughts from the preſent ſource of his diſquiet, with the news of a reconciliation, and indeed dreaded to leave him for any time to himſelf.

CHAP. XXVII.

LORD STERNHOLD, who was much intereſted in expediting the letter, both to reſcue Elliot's honour and his

his own, which he imagined to be equally concerned, and to haſten the ſatisfaction of his friend, Lord Moreton, ſent off one of his ſervants with it expreſs. When the man, who made as much haſte as he could, had delivered the letter to Lord Moreton, he ſent for Reynel to communicate the joyful tidings to him. This gentleman came merely as a common viſitor, and did not ſee Lady Adelaide. When Lord Moreton had ſhewed the letter to him, he would have ſent it up immediately to his daughter, but Reynel diſſuaded him; telling him that it would look ſuſpicious if it came through their hands, and that it would be better to permit him to get ſome perſon to deliver it ſecretly. To this his Lordſhip conſented; and Reynel, who did not wiſh to be ſeen at Caſtlemont, went away charged with the delivery of the letter. As he was on his way home, he reflected that, ſtrong

as the letter was expreſſed, Lady Adelaide might allow her lover ſome favourable reaſon for writing it, and that thus it would not have power to excite her reſentment ſufficiently to make her hate the author of it, and in revenge to marry himſelf. He therefore reſolved, the more completely to rouſe her indignation, to invent ſome ſtory which might ſeem the cauſe for Elliot's writing this letter. He conſidered the common report had once been, that his rival was to be married to the widow, Marchmont; and as he knew that lady to be now in London, he reſolved to forge a ſtory of that union being to take place immediately. To get this told to Lady Adelaide, with a degree of credit, he went to his friend Ned Tattler, and begged of him to go next day and dine with Lord Moreton, and there to contrive to introduce by ſome means or other this account of Elliot's match

match with the widow, and not to forget to ſwear ſolemnly to the truth of it.—Ned faithfully promiſed to perform what he termed ſuch a trifling piece of ſervice for his friend, and the next day made his appearance at Lord Moreton's.

Sally Welles had been at Caſtlemont to ſee Lady Adelaide, who was not allowed to go out; and having ſeen Reynel, ſhe knew him to be the individual Kane, who had attempted to run away with her. She told the ſtory to her Lady (for ſo ſhe uſed to call Lady Adelaide) in her own innocent manner; but it did not much move her auditreſs, as ſhe hoped that ſhe was rid of his perſecution, and another piece of intelligence afflicted her more deeply. This was, that it was reported in the country, that ſhe wanted to run away with a footman, who had rejected her. The ſweet gentle maid, on whom affliction ſat in the

the ſhape of a grace, received this dreadful calumny at firſt with ſilent ſorrow. At length, ſhe ſaid, "Why ſhould I, my dear ſiſter, be made thus immeaſurably unhappy? What have I done to the world, that it ſhould treat me thus cruelly? But, can I wonder at its malignity, when even my parents have forgotten to love me?" Her ſiſter endeavoured to comfort her; and as ſhe herſelf knew that her attendance would not be diſpenſed with at dinner, ſhe tried to compoſe her looks to appear before company. As ſoon as the cloth was removed after dinner, Tattler began to prepare the way for his ſtory, by remarking, that he came only yeſterday from London. Lord Moreton inquired of him, whether he had brought any news from thence. He anſwered, "Nothing worth telling, except an anecdote for the ladies." Having permitted Lady Moreton to importune him

him for a good while, to know what it was, he ſaid, "that a rich widow, who did not live a great way from them, and had long been admired as one of the greateſt beauties and fortunes in London, had determined to pleaſe her eye, and was juſt going to marry a young man not worth ſixpence. His name is Elliot," continued he, "and I fear that he will not make her a good huſband, for his father has turned him out of doors, on account of his diſſolute life; but if he ſhould be reformed, I cannot blame her, for he is one of the handſomeſt young fellows I ever ſaw. I met them together the other day at my coach-maker's, beſpeaking a moſt elegant one from him." "O, ay," ſaid a Lady, who by ill-fortune was preſent, "you mean the widow Marchmont: all the country has talked of that match this good while, and indeed it is time for the lady to think of it; for I remember

ſome

ſome time ago, by an accident, catching that Mr. Elliot and her ſupping quite alone together; and if it was not for this intended marriage, I doubt if I ought to keep her company." In fact, this was the very lady, who, coming in ſearch of her diamond ear-ring, had ſurpriſed the widow and Stephen together, and was now ſo opportunely at Caſtlemont, to confirm the contrivance of Reynel. Tattler ſtared when he heard the Lady talk, and began to ſuſpect that he had once in his life told truth. As for Lady Adelaide, ſhe had grown pale and red alternately, almoſt at every word of the ſtory. Her mind, already ſoftened with ſorrow, could not bear up againſt this report with fortitude; and her features prepared for the impreſſion of grief by a long continuation of ſadneſs, eaſily betrayed the ſtate of her mind. Almoſt fainting with vain ſtruggles to hide her emotions, ſhe was obliged to retire

retire ſoon to her room. There ſhe had time coolly to conſider the matter. Being naturally of a noble diſpoſition, ſhe was an enemy to ſuſpicion, and ſhe had before condemned her lover when he was innocent. She had no great opinion of the veracity of Tattler, and ſhe knew him to be the friend of Reynel. The relation of the lady had much more weight with her; but had ſhe not in her own caſe felt the wiſh and power of ſcandal to traduce the innocent? For theſe reaſons ſhe was more inclined to acquit than condemn Elliot; when a maid ſervant, who had been tutored by Reynel, preſented her with Elliot's letter, and a very ſmall parcel. She had been ordered to deliver it to her, the firſt time ſhe found her alone after dinner, and to ſay that it was given to her by a ſervant in livery. When ſhe read the ſuperſcription in Elliot's well known hand; ſhe, partly from her preſent doubts,

doubts, and partly from a ſenſe of her duty, deſired the ſervant to carry it back unopened to the perſon who brought it. The maid told her, that it was impoſſible, as the bearer had brought it while her Ladyſhip was at dinner, when ſhe could not deliver it ſecretly, and that the man had ridden away immediately, ſaying that it required no anſwer.

Lady Adelaide then thought it would be beſt to ſend it unopened to her father; but the recollection, that thus to betray the confidence of Elliot would be ungenerous, and perhaps the conſideration that the letter might explain the ſtory ſhe had juſt heard concerning her lover's inconſtancy, determined her to open it. When ſhe had read it, ſhe ſaw, at once, the reaſon of his writing it, in the ſtory ſhe had juſt heard. The more ſhe had been before inclined to acquit him, the more did ſhe feel willing to condemn him

him now; and this writing, which ſhe knew but too well to be in the hand of Elliot, appeared a full confirmation of what Tattler had related. She opened the packet, and found that it contained the miniature picture of her which Elliot had ſhewn her when they laſt met, and had ſworn to part with only with his life. Anger, at being thus cauſeleſsly ſlighted, for a while kept up her ſpirits; but her anger was like the haſty ſpark, which is ſcarce ſeen ere it vaniſhes; and her pallid cheek drooping on her agitated boſom, ſhe again conſidered the coldneſs of the letter. "Ungrateful man!" ſaid ſhe, at length, to herſelf, "is it thus you reward my conſtancy? Have I ſuffered the cenſures of the world, and been undutiful to my parents, rather than deſert you; and is it thus you requite me? In a few days after the moſt ſolemn proteſtations of fidelity, too, to reject me with ſcorn, and become

come the ſervant of another! Fooliſh, fooliſh Adelaide, why did you believe him? Yet any way but this I ſhould have been leſs unhappy," ſaid ſhe, breaking from a reverie into which ſhe had for a moment fallen, "as cruel too, as ungrateful; he mocks me for that diſobedience to my parents he was the cauſe of, and adviſes me to marry a man he firſt taught me to hate. Ah, Elliot!" ſaid ſhe, ſoftened by reflection and burſting into tears, "it is unkind, it is moſt bitter, thus to join with the world in tormenting an innocent girl, every one of whoſe misfortunes have originated from her love to you. For you I endured every affliction without repining; your affection was my only ſolace; I thought that I pleaſed one, at leaſt, and might depend upon his gratitude. Even this trifle," continued ſhe, looking at the picture, "he muſt ſend back! He diſdains to retain any thing

which

which might recall me to his remembrance. Surely this he might have kept; it could not upbraid him with inconſtancy. This is a ſlight more cruel even than his letter; but I am doomed to be every way wretched and neglected. Thank God, however," ſaid ſhe, throwing herſelf on the ſopha, and covering her face with her hands, " my heart cannot long bear up againſt it."—Lord Moreton, while his daughter was thus giving vent to her affliction, underſtood from the ſervant that ſhe had given the letter. He reſolved to give her but little time to conſider it, before he went up himſelf again to perſuade her to marry Reynel. He knew that this was the moſt proper time to extort a promiſe from offended pride, to preſs her while reſentment exaggerated the offence, and not to give love time to awake to ſoften her anger, and invent reaſons againſt the apparent inconſtancy of

Elliot.

Elliot. He went up therefore immediately into her dreſſing-room, and found Lady Adelaide in the ſituation already deſcribed, and the letter lying near her, but on the ground. She ſcarcely perceived his entrance into the room, and he took up the letter before ſhe could recollect where ſhe had thrown it. When ſhe perceived her father, ſhe aroſe from the ſopha on which ſhe had been reclined, and endeavoured to hide her emotions, which were not a little increaſed from ſeeing the fatal letter in the hands of his Lordſhip. Notwithſtanding her confuſion, ſhe rightly conſidered that her father would take occaſion from it to urge her marriage with Reynel; and indeed ſhe could not imagine on what account he had abated of his wonted reſentful formality towards her, ſo as to pay her a viſit, if it was not to chide her for receiving a letter clandeſtinely, which ſhe ſuppoſed he had heard through

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the treachery of the ſervant who had given it to her. While Lady Adelaide was making theſe reflections, and terrified leſt ſhe ſhould experience her father's anger afreſh, Lord Moreton had read the letter. When he had finiſhed it, he ſaid, "I am come, Lady Adelaide, to try if you have recovered your accuſtomed dutifulneſs, and are now willing to comply with that which is not only your father's commands but entreaty. The ſtory you have this day heard, which this letter fully confirms, ſhews you the ingratitude and unworthineſs of the fellow who has ſo long improperly held a place in your affections. Compare his pretended regard, my dear daughter, with the reſpectful, diſintereſted love of Mr. Reynel. The former profeſſes an attachment to you as long as you appear the only woman of fortune whoſe notice he can attract, and abandons you without heſitation, when he perceives

ceives the proſpect of a match more advantageous, becauſe the poſſeſſion of fortune is more immediate. Thus is he totally regardleſs of your happineſs and dignity; while the other ſeems guided only by his reſpect for theſe; and, though entitled by his fortune, and encouraged by the favour of thoſe who have a right to direct you in the choice of an huſband, he ſurrenders up his reaſonable hopes, and all the chances on which his happineſs depend, rather than ſeem for a moment to oppoſe your inclinations or counteract your happineſs."—"Indeed, my dear papa," anſwered Lady Adelaide, endeavouring to recover her voice, which tears had rendered ſcarcely audible, "it is not on Mr. Elliot's account that I dare to diſobey the commands of a parent, whom I love ſo entirely as I do you. But I feel that I can never love Mr. Reynel with that fervour which is neceſſary to

make

make a good wife in every temper and ſituation of life. I do not wiſh to marry; I cannot, I am ſure, ever be happy in that ſtate. Will then my deareſt father deprive me of the only pleaſure I can enjoy, of attending on him, and endeavouring to recover that affection which I fear my irreconcileable averſion to Mr. Reynel has impaired?"—"It is not impaired, it never can be ſo," replied her father, "if Adelaide will conſult her own happineſs. The difference of the conduct of that Elliot, whom I hope you now diſlike, and Mr. Reynel's, will ſhew you how much more my judgment is to be depended on in the choice of an huſband than yours. Let me therefore, who am guided by experience, and not biaſſed as you are by prejudice, be ſuppoſed to know what will moſt effectually cauſe your future happineſs. I beſeech you therefore, my deareſt daughter," continued his Lordſhip tak-

ing the hand of Lady Adelaide, "both on your own account and on mine, whoſe chief happineſs is placed in your felicity, comply with my entreaty, which will make your whole family contented."—"Do not, my father," anſwered his daughter, "preſs me thus tenderly to be wretched," her beauteous eyes ſtreaming tears as ſhe fell on her knees, ſcarcely able to give her words utterance; "you know not how much your daughter would endure for you. I hate the world, and feel I have not long to live: let me, therefore, ſpend the remainder of my unhappy days in performing my duty to Heaven and to you." Lord Moreton, moved by what the ſuffering innocent had ſpoken, raiſed her fondly from her knees and kiſſed her, the tears trickling down his cheek at ſeeing the ſtruggles of her ſoul. He ſaw, however, the advantage he had over her; and, in ſpite of nature, he reſolved

reſolved to make another effort to oblige her to acquieſcence. "My Adelaide," ſaid he, ſtraining her to his boſom, "do not endeavour thus to excite my pity againſt what my reaſon approves. Exert your generoſity, overcome your childiſh ſcruples, and take pride in ſeeing every one who loves you happy." Poor Lady Adelaide, her mind already ſoftened by affliction, and ſtung by the ingratitude of Elliot, was unable to withſtand the tear which ſhe had ſeen drop from her father. "I am your daughter, Sir, and ought to obey you in all things; do then with me as you pleaſe. But, Oh Heaven!" ſaid ſhe, as if ſtruggling for expreſſion, and lifting up her eyes with all the fervency of ſupplication, "grant that I may not live to become the wife of one I cannot eſteem, but ſnatch your poor victim from the horrors of ſuch a ſituation!" When ſhe ſaid this, ſhe fainted away in the arms

of her father. This was the proteſt of nature againſt the deciſion of duty; and her father, moved at her inanimate ſituation, and terrified to the laſt degree at the danger the reſolution he had forced her to enter into had cauſed, rang the bell for aſſiſtance; nor did he quit the room until a deep ſigh proclaimed the return of life. He then retired, that ſhe might be put to bed; ſcarcely ſatisfied with himſelf on account of the part he had acted towards his daughter, and yet pleaſed that he had obtained a promiſe from her, which he knew her principles would never permit her to violate.

CHAP. XXVIII.

WHILE Lady Adelaide ſuffered thus ſeverely through the apparent infidelity and unworthineſs of Elliot, and

and the importunities of her father, her lover remained inconſolable on account of the effects which he imagined would enſue from the generous falſhood he had ſigned to procure her happineſs. Doctor Enſor was conſtantly with him; but it was rather on account of the habitual reverence which Stephen had imbibed for that virtuous man, from the time that he ſuperintended his education, than from any regard he had for him in his preſent diſpoſition, that he tolerated his preſence. He remained deaf to all the Doctor's topics of conſolation, and perſiſted in a reſolution he had formed, almoſt inſtantly on his renunciation of Lady Adelaide, of quitting the kingdom, and ſerving as a volunteer among the Ruſſians. Nor would he, on any account, liſten to the Doctor's advice to go and ſee his uncle: he regarded him as the primary cauſe of all his preſent misfortunes; and it ap-

peared to him, that if he ſought a reconciliation, it would be imagined that he ſacrificed his love to his hopes of fortune; a ſuſpicion at which his ſoul revolted. Doctor Enſor was extremely alarmed at the dogged melancholy which had ſucceeded the firſt tranſports of paſſion in the breaſt of Stephen. He reflected, with uneaſineſs, on the ſtep he had perſuaded him to take; and was afraid that he had relied too much upon that mutability of mind, which he thought would in him, as in moſt young men, eaſily efface any particular image from his heart.

On the day after Lady Adelaide had received Stephen's letter, the Doctor went to breakfaſt with Lord Sternhold, to conſult with him upon the moſt effectual means to make his nephew forget his grief, and forego his reſolution of going abroad. That meaſure he knew to be extremely diſagreeable

agreeable to his Lordſhip, to whom Elliot was more endeared than ever, as well from his conduct with regard to the duel and the letter, as that Doctor Enſor had aſſured him of the falſity of his ever having intended to marry any woman except Lady Adelaide; and that he had really gained her affections before any one elſe had been propoſed to her. While the Doctor was gone out for this purpoſe, Elliot ſat alone at his breakfaſt, rather to go through the form of it, than to ſatisfy any appetite that he had. He endeavoured to peruſe a newſpaper, one of which his friend had brought to him every morning, that he might drive away reflection, when his attention was at once excited to the higheſt pitch by the following paragraph: "We can aſſure our readers, from undoubted authority, that the long projected union between the youngeſt daughter of Lord Moreton and Mr.

Reynel, a near relation of hers, is juſt completed; and that the marriage will certainly take place either to-night or to-morrow." "It is then over," ſaid Elliot, ſtarting from his chair. "Inconſtant Adelaide! have you ſo ſoon forgot me? Could I have baniſhed you from my remembrance? Yet why do I accuſe you? you are acting but as you imagine I have done. My Adelaide thinks me falſe, and I am myſelf the cauſe. She abandons me through reſentment, which, like an idiot, I have wilfully excited. She will marry a villain, in deſpair; and I have made her miſerable as well as myſelf. Wretch that I am, I have lifted up my hand againſt myſelf, and cut away the limb I wiſhed moſt to preſerve. O Adelaide, I have loſt thee, for ever loſt thee! How will it tear your gentle boſom, when you hear that it has been my ill fortune, and not my want of affection, which has

has ſeparated us for ever! You deem me an ungrateful wretch; and, in pity to you, never can I ſeek to regain your good opinion. Happy day, in which I was bleſt with the confeſſion of her love, once the theme of every ſilent hour, never can I reflect again on you with accuſtomed rapture! Curſed be the time in which I was guilty of that raſh deceit, and permitted myſelf to be ſeduced by the guardian of my youth to ſacrifice my happineſs!" Thus did poor Elliot rave, on reading that paragraph which gave him to underſtand that his miſtreſs was irrevocably loſt to him. He could not endure this certainty of his miſery, with half the fortitude he conceived he could when he only dreaded that it would take place. And indeed we cannot wonder that he felt a degree of madneſs, when he perceived all his hopes of happineſs, which he had been long accumulating, torn away at once; ſcarce a moment al-

lowed to conceive and reconcile himſelf to his miſery, before it fell on him. ——O love, how great are thy ravages in the human heart! Happy are the inſenſible, whoſe dull leaden minds reflect not thy image! Thou tare to youth, which deſtroyeſt its joyful appearance, and chokeſt up thoſe ſeeds of exertion which would ſupport old age. In the richeſt hearts art thou oftneſt found, and the nobleſt manſions of human nature thy ſolitary clinging brambles disfigure and deſtroy. Yet how different are thy effects on the ſexes! In the open, haughty nature of man, a violent torrent, hurrying away its limits, whoſe ravages are dreadful, but often of ſhort continuance. In the gentle and timid nature of woman, a ſullen ſtream, which gradually undermines its banks, and deſtroys them with unſeen and ſilent working: while the ſurface remains covered with verdure, and adorned

adorned with flowers, gradually it ſtoops, until, quite bent with the ſtream's inſidious courſe, it ſinks a ſmiling ruin into the gulph whence it can riſe no more."

Doctor Enſor had ſat during this time with Lord Sternhold, and repreſented to him, in the moſt forcible terms, the effect which that fatal letter he had forced Elliot to write had on him. His uncle, dreading of all things his going abroad, reſolved to make him a viſit immediately in company with his tutor. On his entrance into Elliot's chamber, he was quite ſhocked to behold the great alteration which grief had wrought in his appearance, in the ſhort time ſince he had ſeen him laſt. His fine form, quite emaciated, and deſtitute of its ſinewy firmneſs, ſhewed that it had been robbed of the ſprightly fire which was wont to inſpire it with vigorous lightneſs, and make it forget that it was but refined

clay. His air wild and dejected, his face thin, pale and languid, and his eyes ſunk within their ſockets, ſhot forth a gloomy red fire, as the ſun does when under the malign influence of the dog-ſtar. "My dear Elliot," ſaid his Lordſhip, moved with ſuch an appearance of woe, "I am ſenſible that I have injured you; but, believe me, I thought that I acted right. Old men, I feel, cannot hope to be exempt from foibles, and I ought not to have ſacrificed the happineſs of my nephew to that of a ſtranger. But you muſt forget it, my dear boy, and I hope that I ſhall be able to make you amends. Doctor Enſor has told me, that you are determined to go abroad as a volunteer; but I am ſure you will change this reſolution, when you know that it will embitter your uncle's laſt days with the reflection, that his ill uſage has driven one whom he loved ſo well into exile."

Elliot,

Elliot, ſoftened by this generous ſubmiſſion of his Lordſhip, ſaid, "Believe me, Sir, I acquit your Lordſhip of ever having uſed me ill. I muſt ever hold in remembrance the kindneſs with which you once treated me, and I am ſenſible that you always acted in conformity with what you thought honourable. It is true, the conſequence has been fatal to me; but for that no one can be anſwerable. But as to ſtaying in England, and viewing my Adelaide (I ſay mine, for her ſoul is mine) in the poſſeſſion of another, it is impoſſible. I ſhall try to forget my woes in the confuſion and dangers of a camp; where if I fall, thank God one falls, who, inſtead of prizing life, thinks death the only bleſſing he can now enjoy, and who leaves none behind him to regret his untimely end." —"It is generous, Stephen," replied his uncle, "not to upbraid the author of your unhappineſs with his imprudence.

dence. But you may, I hope, ſtill be happy. Lord Moreton is, I am ſure, more influenced by a love of wealth than by any other conſideration, in giving his daughter to Mr. Reynel; and ſince ſhe loves you, he will, I am certain, conſent to your marrying her, if you have a better fortune than him. Wealth, therefore, ſhall be an obſtacle no longer; for I will make a ſettlement in your favour, equal to any inheritance Lady Adelaide Moreton can be entitled to. Be of good cheer, then, my dear Stephen," ſaid this affectionate nobleman; "for I will do it, tho' I part with my whole fortune. I have no relation ſo near to me, or ſo deſerving, as you are; and it is but anticipating my will. My wants for the remainder of my life cannot be many, and your gratitude will more than ſatisfy the few deſires of an old man."—"Do not, my dear uncle," replied Elliot, moved to tenderneſs by this noble offer,

offer, "quite deſtroy me with your generoſity. Alas! how wretched is my ſituation, when even intended kindneſs increaſes my miſery! Your benevolence ſhews me that I might once have been happy, and that two ſmall days have plunged me into miſfortunes which I am unable to ſupport. Look here, Sir," ſaid he, taking up the news-paper, and pointing to the paragraph which foretold Lady Adelaide's immediate marriage with Reynel; "ſee how I am ruined beyond redemption, and that not even your exalted goodneſs can extricate me from wretchedneſs." Having ſaid this, he left Lord Sternhold and the Doctor to peruſe this fatal paragraph, and retired to the window to give vent to his anguiſh, and to endeavour to mitigate the convulſions of various paſſions with which he was almoſt rendered frantic. When they had read over this intelligence, which cut off all

all the hopes that had been built on the munificent propoſal of Lord Sternhold, they both remained buried in ſilence through diſappointment.

Doctor Enſor conſidered, that it would be impoſſible to diſſuade Elliot immediately from going abroad, as he was labouring under the additional impreſſion of this new ſhock. All that he now wiſhed for was, to gain time to divert his anxiety by degrees, and gradually overcome the ſtrength of his reſolution. With this view, he told Elliot, that he ought at leaſt to give them as much of his company as poſſible; and that, as he could not leave England until every thing was prepared to ſend him forth ſuitable to his rank, that he ought in the mean time to return to Lord Sternhold's houſe. Lord Sternhold, who ſaw into the Doctor's intentions, ſeconded this propoſal with all his powers. Elliot replied, that he intended to quit England to-mor-

to-morrow; and as to conveniences, he did not wiſh to poſſeſs them, as it was his purpoſe to go where he muſt be unknown. "I ſhall, in compliance with my uncle's commands," continued he, "wait on him at dinner; but as I feel that I am at preſent unfit for company, I hope you will excuſe me if I requeſt to be left until then to myſelf, that I may endeavour to recollect my ſcattered thoughts a little." They both inſiſted that he ſhould not think of going off on the morrow; but, ſenſible that the moſt effectual cure for ſorrow was to let it prey, for ſome ſhort time, on itſelf, they went away, but not until they had obtained a freſh promiſe from him, that he would follow them to dinner. Stephen, when they were gone, began to reflect that his uncle and tutor would make additional efforts to fruſtrate his reſolution. He therefore reſolved to deceive them as to the time of his ſetting out; and

to depart that very night, immediately after he had dined with them, inſtead of to-morrow, as he had told them he would. For, as he was certain that his miſtreſs would be on the morrow, if ſhe was not already, the wife of another, he was determined that that day ſhould, at all events, be the laſt on which he would tread the now-deteſted ground of England. With this view, he packed up a few ſhirts and a ſuit of clothes, in a ſmall trunk, which was all the proviſion he intended to make for his journey, excepting thirty guineas he reſolved to borrow from his uncle. When he had finiſhed this work, and was preparing to go to his uncle's, he was ſurpriſed with the appearance of his man Phelim, whom he had not ſeen ſince he had ſtruck him. He had opened the chamber door, and coming no farther in than the threſhold, exhibited a picture of dirt, fatigue and aſtoniſhment. Elliot, miſtaking the wonder of his

his man, at the ſtrange alteration there appeared in him ſince he left him, for dread of his anger, in a fit of which, he recollected how ill he had uſed him, when he had laſt ſeen him, deſired him to come in without fear. "You know," ſaid he, "my misfortunes as well as I do myſelf; I will not conceal from you, therefore, my reſolution of quitting England, where every thing is rendered diſagreeable to me by the loſs of my Adelaide. I am ſorry, Phelim, that I forgot myſelf and your worth ſo far as to ſtrike you in my paſſion; but I am ſure you are too well acquainted with what my ſituation was then, and too affectionate, not to forgive the madneſs of your maſter. Go, Phelim," continued he, "and inquire if there be any ſhip which ſails this night for Peterſburgh, or any place whence I can eaſily get to it, and bring me word to Lord Sternhold's, where I am to dine; but do not let any one know,

know, I charge you, on what buſineſs you have been employed." "'Faith, maſter," anſwered Phelim, "I can never forgive you the beating you gave me, becauſe as why I have forgiven you long ago; but, by my ſoul, if you go to Peter's-burgh, or Paul's-burgh, out of England, it will be in an egg-ſhell, or a ſieve, like a witch, for Phelim. And, 'faith, if you do, you are a greater fool than I take you for. What would you think, now, if, ſimple as I ſtand here, I had made up all matters between you and your miſtreſs there, and that ſhe thinks you as clever and honeſt a lad as ever ſhe did?"—"Take care, Phelim," ſaid Elliot, his eyes ſparkling with hope, how you trifle with me." "Well, Sir," replied Phelim, "ſit quiet, and I'll tell you the whole truth of my late rambles; and if I do not, I'll bear ſuch another box as that with which you made my head ring when you were laſt in your tantrums.

tantrums. You muſt know, Sir," continued he, pulling up his breeches, and not at all regarding the impatience of his maſter, who knew not how to bear the expectations which were thus ſuddenly raiſed in his mind, "that when I heard you, like a fool, as I told you before, and muſt tell you again, give up your miſtreſs that ſhe might not be cooped up for a month or two; and when I ſaw how mad you were afterwards, that you were ready to beat not only yourſelf, but every one elſe, for your own out of the way action; I thought with myſelf, that the beſt way to keep myſelf from another beating, would be, to go and make a liar of you to Lady Adelaide, and tell her how the matter ſtood. Beſides, too, I had compaſſion on the poor young lady, and thought it would be wrong to let her be deceived by your weakneſs; eſpecially, maſter," ſaid he, ſmiling, and winking at Elliot, "as I knew

I knew that you were to be no gainer by it. So away myſelf trots as faſt as I could every foot in the ſtage to Caſtlemont; and as I dared not go ſee her Ladyſhip myſelf, I packed off little Sally Welles; and, 'faith, Sally is as ſweet and good-natured a girl as ever broke bread. Troth, Sir, when ſhe heard me tell how you was, ſhe cried as much as would waſh her clean after ſhe was dead. But, as I was ſaying, I ſent her to Caſtlemont, to tell Lady Adelaide that the letter ſhe received in your hand-writing was not yours, for it did not contain a word of what was in your heart; but that it was written by the contrivance of her father and Lord Sternhold, who had found out that ſhe had met you, and told you that ſhe was kept locked up, and that Lord Moreton had ſworn never to let her out, without you gave it under your hand, that you never would marry her. That you did this at laſt,

to

to protect her from ſuch bad uſage, and were now going diſtracted for the ſame.——Sally went on my meſſage; and ſhe ſaid, that Lady Adelaide was in bed; ſo that, if it had not been for Lady Frances, God bleſs her! ſhe would not have ſeen her. However, to make a long ſtory ſhort, ſhe managed matters ſo well, as to bring me word, that you ſhould go down immediately to vindicate your innocence; for that, if you did not, the conſequence would be fatal to you both for ever. Sally ſaid alſo, by the ſame token, that ſhe heard Reynel's man ſay, that his maſter expected to be married to Lady Adelaide immediately. Therefore, Sir, take a fool's advice; ſet out this inſtant for Caſtlemont; and be ſure you recover your old looks at the ſight of her: elſe, 'faith, I can live no longer with you; for I ſhall be ſcandalized by its being ſaid, that I ſerve a man who cannot afford

afford even meat enough to plump up his own cheeks."

"Are you ſure," ſaid Stephen, "that if I go down I ſhall not find her married—but that ſhe will wait ſo long to give me an opportunity to vindicate my conſtancy?" "My life for it," rejoined his ſervant, "ſhe will not be married to-day; and if you ſet out immediately, you will be there before morning. But I would not adviſe you, by making any delay, to bring my honeſty in queſtion, and let her ſuſpect that I have been telling her a lie." "Phelim," ſaid Elliot, "if this be true, I ſhall eſteem you as my guardian angel—and, by the generoſity of my uncle, I may yet be the happieſt of men. I will throw myſelf this inſtant into a carriage, and ſet out for Caſtlemont; and do you go to Mancheſter-ſquare, when you ſee that I am gone, and tell my uncle what you have been mentioning to me."

Stephen

Stephen and his man left the houſe immediately, and went to an inn to get a carriage. But Elliot, when he had got it, and told the poſtillion the way to go, was arreſted juſt as he was ſtepping into it by three bailiffs, for a debt of one hundred pounds, which Lucinda had contracted with her millener, unknown to him, while ſhe lived with him. Senſible that the happineſs of his life depended on not delaying a moment, he was in the higheſt degree enraged to meet with a ſtoppage, which he knew muſt at all events detain him a couple of hours. His impatience began to exerciſe itſelf in a violent conteſt with the bailiffs, and Phelim was not ſlow in lending his aſſiſtance. But the catchpoles, as if they had foreſeen this, had procured a number of aſſiſtants, and our hero and his man were at laſt forced to ſubmit to unequal numbers; not, however, until the heads of their an-

tagoniſts had ſeverely felt the effects of their proweſs. Elliot wanted his captors to carry him to a ſpunging-houſe, until he could ſettle the matter; but this, the bailiff, who curſed and ſwore at him for his reſiſtance, abſolutely refuſed; and calling a coach, he hurried him away to the King's-Bench priſon. As they were going over Weſtminſter-Bridge, our adventurer perceived Filmer walking on with great precipitation; and hallooing to him, he was at his requeſt taken into the coach by the bailiffs. Filmer felt extremely ſorry for the ſituation of his friend, whoſe arreſt he took to be on account of ſome debt he had really contracted; and he ſincerely lamented his own inability to diſcharge it. When they arrived at the priſon, and were waiting in the lodge, before they could gain admittance into that habitation of the extravagant and unlucky, Stephen told the whole affair

affair to his friend, and lamented his ill fortune. It occurred to him now, what his confuſion prevented him from conſidering before, that he ought to ſend Phelim with an account of his misfortune to Lord Sternhold, that he might endeavour to get free immediately. Phelim ran off as expeditiouſly to perform this ſervice, as if he had not been travelling theſe three days without either much ſleep or refreſhment; while the priſoner (who felt every torture of impatience) and his friend were accommodated with a room and a bottle of wine, where they endeavoured to paſs the time until his return. Phelim, as he was running up St. James's-ſtreet as faſt as he could, heard himſelf called by a female voice; and, on turning round to ſee who it was, perceived the widow Marchmont's head out of her coach-window. As ſoon as he came up, ſhe inquired eagerly for his maſter. The

Iriſhman, who, notwithſtanding his awkward, round about way of ſpeaking, was as ſhrewd a fellow as could be, knew well that there had been a very intimate connexion between his maſter and her; and as he did not know that a perfect reconciliation had taken place between Stephen's uncle and him, and was well acquainted with the delays of old men, he was not ſure that he would pay the money immediately for him; which he knew to be neceſſary towards his ſeeing Lady Adelaide, ſo as to prevent the marriage effectually. He therefore reſolved to have two ſtrings to his bow, and to try the generoſity of Mrs. Marchmont, whom he believed to be both able and willing to relieve him. With this view, he informed her where his maſter was, and that he was going to procure bail for him. When he had ſeen that it affected her not a little, he reſolved that her curioſity ſhould alone be fully gratified

fied by Elliot himſelf: ſo pretending that he was in too great a hurry to ſtay any longer, he left her, reſuming his haſty pace, without paying any regard to a number of queſtions ſhe aſked him.

The widow, though ſhe was hurt by the indifference which Elliot manifeſted towards her, in never having gone to viſit her ſince he had been ſurpriſed in her houſe, yet reſolved to endeavour to ſet him free, regardleſs of what the world might ſay of it. In his misfortunes ſhe forgot his inconſtancy; for the unhappineſs of friends ſheds over the generous mind a noble deluſion, which blots out their failings, and exaggerates their perfections. Indeed, the character of this lady was diſtinguiſhed by an exceſs of generoſity, and ſhe owed many of her faults and uneaſineſſes to it. Her ſanguine temper and conſtitution made it rather a romantic and extravagant appetite

to make others happy, than a ſocial paſſion guided and foſtered by reaſon. Having too much ſenſe not to ſee that the world is ſometimes wrong, and too much warmth of conſtitution always to keep within its rules, but too little obſervation to mark the proper medium—or rather, to reflect that the pride of woman ſhould be to tread in the paths of decorum—ſhe affected to deſpiſe the rule which ſhe could not eaſily accommodate herſelf to. Hence always, in her eagerneſs to confer happineſs on another, ſhe forgot, or contemned, the more eſſential duty which ſhe owed to herſelf. Such a character we muſt admire while we condemn it; and cannot heſitate to ſay, that under proper guidance in childhood, nay, had ſhe not been ſo unequally mated in her youth, ſhe would have behaved with perfect correctneſs, and have become an ornament to ſociety.

The

The widow ordered the coachman to drive, as faſt as he could, to the place of Elliot's confinement. When ſhe had alighted there, and was ſhewn into the room where he was, as ſhe entered ſhe cried, "Well, Elliot, it is not every woman, if they had ſuch an inconſtant fellow as you are thus faſt in a cage, would come to give him his liberty ſo ſoon." She had hardly uttered this ſpeech, when ſhe perceived how imprudent it was, as Filmer was in the room; and the embarraſſed, gloomy look of Elliot, to whom her company was at preſent by no means agreeable, told her that pleaſantry was unſeaſonable to him. Recovering her confuſion, however, ſhe went up to Elliot; and, telling him that, having heard from his ſervant his ſituation, the regard which ſhe had for his family, and eſpecially for her dear friend his mother, had induced her to come immediately to endeavour to extricate

him; that if a thouſand pounds could do it this night, he might command it; that ſhe had no more at her banker's, but ſhe would be able to raiſe any ſum he might want on the morrow.

Elliot thanked her for her generous offer, which ſtruck deep into his mind, but told her that he was arreſted for an hundred pounds which he did not owe; and as he had ſent for bail until he could ſettle the matter, he would not trouble her. Filmer, ſenſible of the neceſſity there was that he ſhould ſee Lady Adelaide as ſoon as poſſible; with a want of attention to circumſtances which proceeded from his ſenſe of the urgency of his friend's ſituation, cried out, "Accept the offer which this lady has ſo generouſly made, or you may loſe your miſtreſs by the delay. Conſider, that your friends may not come time enough for you to get free this evening, and you know

know the lady can be repaid in the morning."—This ill-timed declaration put every one in the room into confuſion. Stephen, notwithſtanding his anxiety on other accounts, felt uneaſy at the diſcovery which this ſpeech made to the widow that he had another miſtreſs. It was the beſt calculated argument in the world, to make Mrs. Marchmont refuſe advancing the money to bring Elliot out of priſon, inſtead of perſuading her to it; and ſhe felt confuſed and angry at the certainty that ſhe had a rival who was happy in his love. As to Filmer, he perceived by both their looks that he had ſpoken what he ſhould not, and he was afraid that he had obſtructed that which he meant to advance.—After a little time Mrs. Marchmont was able to ſuppreſs her reſentment; and going up to Elliot, ſaid privately to him, "I have been to blame; I ought not to be angry at your incon-

ſtancy. At firſt I thought it ingratitude; but a conqueſt made without difficulty, never can fix the mind irrevocably; it was there that I was in fault. Yet do not think me ſo ſelfiſh as that I will deny you my aſſiſtance, becauſe I am now made certain of what I long feared, that all connection between us muſt be at an end. No, Mr. Elliot; on the contrary, I now inſiſt upon your letting me diſcharge this trifling ſum; that, as the gentleman has ſaid, you may haſten to a miſtreſs from whom I ſuppoſe this accident has detained you at a material time." Elliot felt much humiliated at this generous and unuſual behaviour of a woman with whom he had been connected, though certainly in a great meaſure by her own bewitching temptations, and afterwards ſlighted for another. On his heſitating, ſhe again preſſed him earneſtly to accept of it; and as the generous mind

experiences

experiences an happineſs while it is giving, ſo it is unwilling to offend a mind like itſelf with the refuſal of an intended favour: he could not therefore deny her requeſt. Stephen, out of delicacy to the widow, would not permit her to remain any longer with him, leſt his uncle and Doctor Enſor ſhould find her there. He therefore told her whom he expected; and ſhe haſtened home to get the money for his delivery, accompanied by Filmer, who was to be the bearer of it to him.

CHAP. XXIX.

PHELIM had not found either Lord Sternhold or Doctor Enſor at home; for, alarmed at the delay made by Elliot, for whom they waited dinner in vain until paſt ſix o'clock, they both ſet out for his lodgings to ſee

what detained him. They were on that buſineſs when Phelim arrived at Mancheſter-Square; and as he did not know where to ſeek for them, he was obliged to wait there until they returned, which ſoon happened. He diſſipated a number of wild fears which haraſſed them concerning Stephen's abſence, by communicating the real cauſe of it to them. They both ſtepped into his Lordſhip's carriage, which was got ready as faſt as poſſible, and, attended by Phelim behind it, drove in all haſte to the priſon. When they came into the room, they learned more particularly from Elliot the cauſe of his uneaſineſs, and why it was peculiarly diſtreſſing. Lord Sternhold immediately ſent for the keeper of the priſon; and, when he came, wanted him to take immediate bail for the demand. But he replied he could not, as the office was never open after ſix o'clock to ſearch whether any other

other writs were marked againſt his priſoner. Lord Sternhold then offered to go bail to any amount, to indemnify him for ſetting his nephew at liberty. But he ſaid that he did not know whether he was ſufficient ſecurity, and muſt inquire into it. Lord Sternhold, at theſe doubts, unluckily let fall ſome haſty and contemptuous expreſſions concerning the keeper of the priſon. It is dangerous to affront any one who has a little authority, if you are ſubject to it; for, inflated with ideas of their own conſequence, they are in general willing to make the moſt of it; and the jailor, who might perhaps by fair words and a ſufficient conſideration have been perſuaded to let Stephen go, was now inexorable to the arguments of them all. Elliot could not contain his paſſion at this unfortunate accident: he curſed his fate aloud, and was almoſt determined to put an end to himſelf. His hopes had

had been elevated to an extravagant pitch, from the loweſt degree of deſpair; and he now ſaw all theſe hopes again in danger of being blaſted by an unexpected, and in itſelf trivial, accident. He reaſonably conſidered that Lady Adelaide, having ſuch ſtrong teſtimony of his inconſtancy as the letter written by himſelf, and nothing to contradict it but the word of a ſervant, which ſhe ſaw was not confirmed by the immediate appearance of her lover, would without further delay return to the reſolution of complying with her father's requeſt, and marrying Reynel, of which determination the news-paper gave ſuch indubitable evidence. So little does our ſucceſs in any favourite project depend upon ourſelves, and ſo eaſily can chance overturn the beſt laid ſchemes. It was now determined by the council of Elliot's friends, that Doctor Enſor and Filmer, who had returned with the money

money from the widow, ſhould paſs the night in the priſon to keep Elliot company, and that his uncle ſhould return early in the morning to liberate him. The Doctor endeavoured to comfort Elliot by obſerving, that if his miſtreſs loved him, ſhe would undoubtedly wait more than one day for the explanation of an affair which ſo materially concerned her happineſs during life. But he begged of Stephen not to be too ſanguine, for that although, if ſhe ſent the meſſage which the ſervant had brought him, ſhe would certainly give him a reaſonable time to appear, yet he thought it very dubious if ſhe had ever ſent ſuch a meſſage; that Phelim had only heard it from a young girl, and that either ſhe or he might have miſtaken it; for it was highly improbable that, after every thing had been ſettled for her marrying another immediately (as the news-paper declared), and a certainty

tainty of Elliot's inconſtancy appearing in his own hand-writing, that ſhe ſhould give the ſmalleſt credit to the word of a ſervant, who confeſſedly ſpoke without authority. The Doctor having thus endeavoured to check the hopes of Stephen, that he might not receive too great a ſhock in caſe of a diſappointment, which he thought highly probable; dropped a ſubject which he knew muſt be diſtreſſing, aſked Stephen who Lucinda was, or how it came to paſs, that any one ſhould charge him with a debt on her account. Stephen could not give any account of his connexion with Lucinda, to a man of the Doctor's ſenſe and virtue, which he muſt not bluſh at; and he eſteemed the queſtion to be too great an intruſion on him at preſent, to be willing to give it any anſwer at all. Doctor Enſor, taking his ſilence to ariſe from ſhame, made this juſt and religious obſervation:

"Take

"Take care, my dear friend, that this delay, which ſeems the effect of accident, be not the conſequence of a former wicked and imprudent connection with that woman; and that providence has not interfered to-day to make you wretched for life, through the remote means of that Lucinda, as a juſt puniſhment for your leading with her a life of debauchery, regardleſs of the laws of God and your country." The obſervation was, perhaps, too ſevere for the ſituation of the perſon to whom it was directed; but this made it ſink the deeper into his mind.

Elliot ſpent the night one while in deceiving himſelf with hopes, and another in torturing himſelf with deſtroying them. Like Siſyphus, he conſumed his time in raiſing up a burden, only that it might fall from a greater elevation, and with more violence, on his own head. None of the party went

went to bed; the Doctor and Filmer ſlumbered a little on their chairs, but ſleep ſat not on the eyelids of the unfortunate Elliot. He counted the minutes with impatience, and execrated the ſlow return of day, which he believed protracted its appearance only to torment him, whom every thing ſeemed to unite to render unhappy. At length the morning, which moves unmindful of the wiſhes of mortals, neither regarding the prayer of the happy uncloyed lover that it would retard, nor of the ſatiated and curtain-lectured huſband that it would accelerate, its progreſs, appeared. Lord Sternhold came as ſoon as he could, bringing the millener to whom it was ſaid that the debt was owing, and in whoſe name our hero had been arreſted. She immediately declared that no ſuch money was due to her; and Stephen was in conſequence of this ſet at large at once, with an aſ-

ſurance

ſurance from the jailor, who was by this time acquainted with the quality of his priſoner, that he would take care to find out the fellows who had ſworn to the debt and arreſted him, that he might bring them to due puniſhment.

As the millener ſaid, that ſhe believed ſuch a ſum had been due and paid to her, Lord Sternhold and the Doctor went home with her to conſult her books, to ſee if they could throw any light upon the matter, which appeared to them at preſent inexplicable. Filmer was to go to the widow Marchmont's, to carry back the money he had brought from her, as ſoon as the day ſhould be far enough advanced for him to wait on her with propriety.—Elliot and his man departed for Caſtlemont; the former having received money from his uncle, and a renewal of his declaration, that as far as the amount of his fortune, which was upwards of eight

eight thouſand pounds a year, he might promiſe to ſettle, if it would procure Lady Adelaide. The affectionate Nobleman at the ſame time added, that if every thing was not ſettled, and ſhe determined to marry Reynel, as the news-paper had declared, he would go down himſelf, at a moment's warning, and try to work upon Lord Moreton to comply.

Had Stephen ſet out upon this journey the evening before, as he had intended, he would have been forced either to have returned back, or to have performed the greateſt part of it on foot, for want of ſufficient money to defray the expence of poſting it; a circumſtance which, in his hurry to be gone, he had never once recollected. By means of being very liberal to the poſtillion of each ſtage, he got himſelf conveyed to the neighbourhood of Caſtlemont with a rapidity which, to a foreigner who is alone acquainted with the

the deliberate journeying of the Continent, muſt appear inconceivable.—As he approached Mrs. Welles's houſe, his ſuſpenſe augmented ſo violently, that he had well nigh fainted. When he alighted from the chaiſe, and rapp'd at the door, which Mrs. Welles herſelf opened for him, without ſtaying for the forms of ſalutation, he aſked her at once (as if he was afraid that the leaſt delay would deſtroy the reſolution he had haſtily ſummoned up to inquire) "whether Lady Adelaide was married?" "No, indeed, Sir," replied the poor woman, lengthening her countenance into a look of ſorrow at the mention of her name, which had before been elevated into a ſmile at ſeeing Elliot; "ſhe is not married, ſweet young lady! nor like to be married, God help her! except to her grave. Alas! Sir, my daughter tells me, that there are no hopes of her recovery."—"No hopes!" ſaid Elliot, his colour, which

which the moment before had appeared flushed with doubt, changing into one as pale as if the hand of death had been laid over his cheek; "No hopes of her living! Every moment while I breathe, I fall into some fresh calamity, to which the former appear as nothing. O Adelaide! what would thy marriage be, compared to thy death! Virtuous, lovely maid! if Heaven spares not thee, who would wish to live! For this stroke I am indeed unprepared. But are you sure there is no hope of her living?" said he to the poor woman again; "that every means have been tried to preserve the only perfect image of heaven on earth? What is it that is said to be the nature of her sickness?" "They say, Sir," answered Mrs. Welles, "that it is a fever; and my daughter, who is admitted into her room to attend her, in the place of Mrs. Clarinda (to whom it seems she has taken a dislike in her sickness),

ſickneſs), ſays, that ſhe is ſure it aroſe from a troubled mind—and that ſhe talks very often about ſome letter."—"About a letter!" interrupted Stephen; "it is I then, O Adelaide! who have murdered thee!——Curſed falſehood! why did I give into it? I will, however, explain all to you, and obtain your pardon for my wretched deceit, or die at your feet." He immediately turned away from Mrs. Welles, and haſtened to Caſtlemont, determined that nothing ſhould prevent his explaining himſelf to his miſtreſs, and at leaſt quieting her mind with regard to the letter.

CHAP. XXX.

We muſt confeſs ourſelves in very great doubt to determine how we ſhall begin this chapter. Some of our readers admire the manner of Tacitus, and

and require to hear the chain of cauſes and dependences of things related; and to have deep laid motives attributed to the actor of every action, when it is probable, like the choice of a lady, it ſprung alone from the caprice of the moment. Others, of a more lively, but leſs thinking turn, never inquire into ſuch things, and ruſh only to the concluſion. Now, as we really think that the curſes of a reader are not of the leaſt ſervice to an author, we wiſh to avoid being anathematized on one ſide for dullneſs, or on the other for levity. On this account, we have determined to dedicate a ſhort, and ſeparate chapter, to unravel the cauſes of ſeveral events with which the reader is already acquainted, requeſting of thoſe whoſe curioſity and compaſſion are ſo ſtrong that they cannot ſtay to develope ſuch things, to paſs on to the enſuing chapter; and we hereby aſſure them, that we will not deceive them by

by inſerting a ſingle circumſtance here neceſſary to the concluſion of his hiſtory; but only take advantage of Elliot's diſtance from Caſtlemont to go back a little in the relation, before he can get there. The reader may remember that we left Lady Adelaide extremely indiſpoſed from the ſacrifice ſhe had made of all her happineſs, to her love and duty to her father. She ſpent the night, in which he had obtained the dreadful promiſe from her, in ſighs and tears; one while picturing to herſelf the inconſtancy of Elliot, at another in vain endeavouring to excuſe it, and viewing the horrors, which to her delicate mind appeared attendant on an union with a man ſhe could not love. When the next morning came, ſhe was extremely ill and feveriſh, through the violent agitations which her delicate frame had, during that night, undergone. Phelim arrived early the ſame morning at Mrs.

Welles's, on purpoſe to counteract the effects of the letter his maſter had written. When he had received the blow, he quitted the houſe in a paſſion; but when he conſidered the temper his maſter was in, and the cauſe he had for being ſo, he not only forgave him, but reſolved to prevent, if poſſible, the bad effects which the letter might produce to the intereſt of him he had ſo long ſerved, and ſo ſincerely loved.—He immediately prepared Sally Welles for going to Caſtlemont, by telling her, that his maſter had been obliged to quit Lord Sternhold's for refuſing to abandon his pretenſions to Lady Adelaide; that his Lordſhip had made him the moſt tempting offers of ſettling his fortune on him, if he would ſacrifice his love for her Ladyſhip to it—all which he had refuſed with ſcorn. This, indeed, was a lie of Phelim's own, for which he had no other foundation, than Doctor Enſor's mentioning to Stephen,

Stephen, in that conference in which he extorted the letter from him (to every word of which we have before informed our reader that Phelim had been a liſtener), that if he took care not to diſoblige his Lordſhip, he might expect to get part of his property at his death. He then mentioned to her, that Lord Moreton had declared that he would keep his daughter confined until he ſhould renounce her; but that, ſooner than ſhe ſhould be made miſerable on his account, he had conſented to relinquiſh all his hopes. Phelim alſo did not fail to exaggerate the conduct of Lords Moreton and Sternhold, and the ſtruggles of Elliot before he would comply. He added, that his maſter was going to quit the kingdom in deſpair; and confirmed the whole with a number of oaths. We muſt confeſs, that Phelim was never ſparing of this mode of confirmation, when he was ſure he was right in the main points

of his ſtory; and he never minded the little falſehoods with which he might here and there embelliſh his narration. Sally Welles haſtened off to Caſtlemont; and, having got into Lady Adelaide's chamber, by the means of Lady Frances, ſhe recited the ſtory with that innocent artleſſneſs which would give the colour of truth to falſehood itſelf. Many things made Lady Adelaide credit it. She knew the fidelity and honeſty of Phelim; and could ſee no reaſon why he ſhould declare this falſehood, if his maſter was going to marry another. There was a romantic generoſity in this account of Elliot's conduct, which agreed with her own notions, and with her knowledge of his character. She had once before believed him faithleſs upon appearances as ſtrong, and yet he had juſtified his truth. But above all, there was an advocate in her own boſom, which pleaded

pleaded too ſtrongly for him, to permit her to condemn him when the ſlighteſt excuſe could be urged for his acquittal. Her reſentment againſt her lover thus melted away; and her father no longer preſent to divide her affections and ſet her wiſhes at variance, ſhe reflected upon the artifices and diſſoluteneſs of Reynel; and the conſequences of her promiſe appeared to her now with additional hideouſneſs. Already feveriſh, and inclining to delirium, her mind was unable to bear this freſh calamity. She began to loſe her reaſon; and when in that ſituation, ſhe deſired Sally to bid Elliot haſten to vindicate himſelf, or that the conſequences would be fatal to them both. Poor Sally was too much rejoiced at hearing this meſſage ſo favourable to Elliot, whom ſhe ſincerely loved for the ſervices he had done her, and the gentleneſs of his manner towards her: ſhe went off immediately with the news,

and waited not to hear any thing which could make her doubt that her Ladyſhip was in her ſenſes. Lady Adelaide had continued in an high inflammatory fever ever ſince that morning, ſometimes recovering her ſenſes, but ſtill growing worſe, her conſtitution gradually yielding to the diſorder.

Reynel had heard on that very night the ſucceſs of his ſtratagem of ſending the letter and the picture; which laſt was not the one Elliot had in his poſſeſſion, but one which Reynel had got done in imitation of his which he had ſeen at the jeweller's, where it had been left to be ſet; and as they were perfectly alike, he had cauſed it to be given to Lady Adelaide in confirmation of that infidelity of her lover, which Tattler's ſtory and his own letter had declared. He was directed to come the next morning to Caſtlemont, that the ceremony might be

be performed as expeditiouſly as poſſible, leſt ſhe ſhould be induced to repent of her conceſſion.—Still, however, Reynel dreaded that ſhe might retract either of her own accord, or that Elliot might by ſome means influence her to avoid the union which muſt deſtroy his hopes for ever. The narrow mind is ever ſuſpicious of its own unworthineſs; and the idea that others will try their own contrivances againſt themſelves, continually haunts the breaſt of the wicked. He reflected, therefore, that if he could by any means perſuade his rival that the marriage would take place before he could interfere to hinder it, he would thus prevent his interpoſition until it ſhould be really uſeleſs. For this reaſon he ſent off his man inſtantly to London, with that paragraph for the newſpaper, poſitively declaring that the union between him and Lady Adelaide was to take place immediately, which

we have already mentioned, as having given Elliot ſo much uneaſineſs. He was encouraged to this alſo by the conſideration, that if Lady Adelaide ſaw that the match was become the ſubject of converſation ſo often as to be put in the public prints, ſhe would be the more likely willingly to acquieſce in it. Reynel, who valued himſelf upon anticipating every obſtacle to his ſchemes, ſaw likewiſe, that this account might make Elliot ſet out for Caſtlemont immediately, from the hope that ſome lucky accident might prevent the marriage taking place before his arrival. To prevent this, which he did not think very likely to happen, he ſent orders to his ſpies, that they ſhould diligently watch Elliot for this and the enſuing day; and, if they ſaw him going any where out of London, that they ſhould cauſe him to be arreſted. He had heard that Lord Sternhold and he were not

on

on good terms, notwithſtanding the compliance of the latter; and as he knew that his rival had no other friend in London, he conſidered that this would detain him for two or three days at leaſt, and in that time he was pretty ſure that he would now, by Lord Moreton's interference, make the beautiful heireſs irrevocably his own. As to arreſting our hero, Reynel was unwilling to have recourſe to that expedient, except in caſe of extremity, as it might bring him within the puniſhment of the law; but the means of it had been long contrived, as a certain method, in caſe of neceſſity, of ſtopping Elliot for a ſhort time, in any ſcheme which he might be ſucceſsfully purſuing to gain the poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs. The fact was, that Lucinda had really contracted a debt of one hundred pounds with her millener, while ſhe lived with Elliot; into the payment of

which ſhe had terrified Reynel, by threats of diſcovering his villainy. Having by this means got poſſeſſion of the bill, which, like others belonging to her, were brought in as debts of Mr. Elliot, he deceived one of his creatures, a wretch who was willing to be deceived, into the belief that the debt was due by Elliot; and made him ſwear it, and have a writ marked againſt our hero. To ſuch a complicated ſyſtem of deceit and villainy was Reynel reduced to effect his deſigns, and get Elliot impriſoned. Dangerous indeed is the uſe of cunning: the firſt artifice may be almoſt innocent, but this brings on new ones to ſupport it, which, as they augment in number, increaſe in villainy, and who can ſay where they are to ſtop? When we have quitted the ſtraight path of rectitude, we loſe ourſelves in a labyrinth, of which we ſee not the beginning nor the end. The fallacious

ous clue of human ingenuity ſerves only to favour our deluſion, and increaſe our perplexity. We cannot ſet onwards, without adding to the mean villainy of ſtratagem, nor can we return without uneaſineſs through the dread of detection. Unhappily for the artful, Covetouſneſs, to obtain the object of his deſire, conſpires with Shame; and he deſiſts not, until Honeſty hunts him through his mazes, and expoſes him to the fury of Puniſhment.

CHAP. XXXI.

ELLIOT had by this time arrived at Lord Moreton's houſe; he flattered himſelf, that he would, at leaſt, meet with a civil reception from his Lordſhip, on account of the propoſals which his uncle had enabled him to

make, and that the family would not be ſo inhuman as to prevent his explaining the cauſe of his writing that letter, when they all ſaw that it gave Lady Adelaide Moreton ſo much uneaſineſs, and increaſed her malady. He found the hall door open, and no one to interrupt his entrance; for the ſervants were all either buſied in procuring ſomething for Lady Adelaide, or had retired to lament in ſecret her danger. So much do beauty and rank, when united with dignified condeſcenſion, engage the human heart. Lord Moreton was gone out to ride, that he might endeavour to diſpel that grief and remorſe which the ſight of his beſt beloved daughter, brought juſt to the arms of death by his means, excited in his mind. As for Lady Moreton, ſhe was too fine a lady, and too fond of herſelf, to ſtay in the houſe with her daughter, leſt ſhe ſhould catch any infection from the fever.

fever. Stephen walked up the ſtairs, which led to his miſtreſs's chamber, with trembling limbs and a palpitating heart. At the leaſt noiſe which he heard, he ſtarted, thinking it to be a groan which had iſſued from her exhauſted frame. Every thing which ſounded like a whiſper, he miſtook for the annunciation of her death, and turned about to fly the certainty of the news, which muſt make him miſerable for ever. He reached the chamber door, and ſoftly opened it, unperceived; for the people within, were too much abſorbed in their own mournful contemplations to hear him. A melancholy ſtillneſs oppreſſed the room, interrupted now and then by an harſh breathing, as if it were the ſtruggle of exhauſted nature to retain her functions. Lady Frances had retired to one of the windows, while Lady Adelaide was aſleep, to weep over her ſiſter's fate, whom ſhe loved with

with the moſt ſincere affection; and poor Sally Welles, whom ſcarcely any thing could force for a moment from the ſick chamber, ſat kneeling by the bed-ſide, hardly able to ſtifle her ſobs, as ſhe viewed the ſituation of her much loved patroneſs. The little noiſe which Elliot had made, awaked Lady Adelaide, though it could not attract the notice of thoſe who had been awake. Lady Frances ran immediately to attend her ſiſter, while poor Stephen remained at the door unnoticed, and unable to enter the room. His attention was ſoon called to the voice of Lady Adelaide, who in a plaintive tone, that would melt the heart to pity, were her words inarticulate, ſaid, after having ſpoken for ſome time ſo as not to be heard, "Why did you ſend me that letter? Did you know what anguiſh it has cauſed me, you would not have been ſo cruel. Would any body have thought it? Sure, Frances,

Frances, you would not. But no one thinks but me. Sorrow makes us ſerious. I would be ever conſtant, but they will force me from you. They ſay I muſt marry to break my heart, becauſe my father's rich. A poor villager's daughter need not do ſo. But cannot thoſe who covet my fortune take it? I want it not. He for whom I wiſhed has forſaken me. Oh! they will not even leave me to myſelf, that I may weep. See, ſee thoſe tears, how they burn as they run down his cheeks! Ah, my dear father! you are like your Adelaide in ſadneſs. But what occaſion have you for it? Sadneſs becomes not you as it does me. Do let me wipe away theſe drops. Yet they will not come off. O, Sir, do not kneel: you muſt not be thus humbled. I will do any thing firſt. Here is my hand; but, remember, you muſt not aſk my heart. I remember when ſomebody would kneel thus: but he

was

was kind then, and it became him. Now he is gone in anger. Do forgive me," ſaid ſhe, as if looking earneſtly at her lover: "why do you turn away frowning? I did not hate you thus when I thought you falſe. Cruel man! did you know how much I ſuffered ere I did it, you would not thus deny your pity. Well, well, no matter; go your ways, you will one day be ſorry for that frown. I ſhall be eaſy when I get this weight off my heart, then it will be all over; indeed I did not think that you could ſit ſo heavy there." I muſt draw a veil over the ſufferings of Elliot, as he ſtood at the door loſt in miſery, liſtening to her ravings, parts of which were evidently addreſſed to himſelf. Indeed, no one who did not hear how ſhe ſpoke theſe disjointed ſentiments, can conceive the effect they muſt have on the moſt indifferent ſpectator. "Be gone, Mr. Elliot," ſaid ſhe again, having made

ſome

ſome pauſe, and raiſing her voice, "I have promiſed to become the wife of another; never can I liſten to you again; but I did not promiſe to live: and if you love," ſaid ſhe, ſighing and lowering her accents, "we will ſoon meet where nothing can ſeparate us." "It is true," cried Elliot, who, unable to contain himſelf at this inſtance of her affection, burſt into the room, and fell on his knee by the bed-ſide; "it is true, my Adelaide, we will ſoon meet where nothing can ſeparate us."

Here he graſped her pallid, clay-cold hand, which lay inſenſible and uncovered, and preſſed it to his lips, bedewing it with his tears. He viewed with horror the ravages which the diſeaſe had made in her beauteous face: he beheld her the ruins, but ſtill the precious ruins, of what ſhe had been when animated with health. In the glaſſy wildneſs of her eyes he ſaw a dreadful preſage of death.

Lady

Lady Frances, who beheld him enter the room, and heard him ſpeak, with aſtoniſhment, now recovered herſelf ſufficiently to entreat him to be gone, as his preſence would only increaſe the malady of her ſiſter, if ſhe perceived him, and his appearance would cauſe confuſion in the houſe.—"Try not to ſeparate us," ſaid he: "the little time ſhe has to live, is ſcarce ſufficient for a farewell. O Adelaide! nothing ſhall now diſunite us; death ſhall not divide ſouls which have been ſo long in union. Together will we go, to where it is no crime to love—where worth knows not the diſtinctions of wealth—where no cruel parent can interfere to prevent our bliſs."

Lady Adelaide had all this time continued talking haſtily to herſelf, regardleſs of what was paſſing. At length ſhe looked at her lover, and regarded him wiſtfully for ſome time, as if ſhe knew

knew him; then on a ſudden ſhe ſaid, with ſome ſharpneſs, withdrawing her hand from his claſp, "Why do you come to torment me? Have you not perſecuted me ſufficiently already, Mr. Reynel? Was I not happy, and beloved by every body? and who now talks of the wretched Adelaide, but to pity or condemn her? Begone, and do not perſecute me thus. Why will you? Is this your promiſe? Obſtinate man! I am not yet your wife. Indeed, when I am, I will ſtrive to love you."

Poor Elliot received an additional ſhock, that ſhe ſhould thus miſtake him for his rival; and lamented the accumulation of his miſery, that he was even denied the hopes of hearing her ſpeak to him with reaſon, before ſhe ſhould die. As he ſaw that his preſence gave her ſo much uneaſineſs, he retired to the window, bathed in tears. Speaking to Lady Frances, who had followed

followed him, he ſaid, "Are there no hopes? Do the phyſicians give her up?" "Indeed," replied Lady Frances, "they give us but little conſolation." "Curſe their foreboding!" cried he in a tranſport; "ſhe cannot die: Heaven muſt be too regardful of its work, thus to deſtroy it. But why do I talk thus? She muſt die—were it only to fill my cup of woe with more than the bitterneſs of death. O Lady Frances!" continued he, with a mournful wildneſs, "what a treaſure am I about to loſe! Kind, gentle charmer, muſt I loſe you, the very inſtant I know how well you love me? O Heaven! canſt thou bring ſuch perfection to ruin, in ſo very ſhort a ſpace? Where, where can be thy juſtice?"

Lady Frances, moved with the unrivalled grief of love, for a while forgot her own ſorrows in endeavouring to mitigate his. She aſſured him, that there

there were ſtill hopes of her ſiſter's recovery; and that, if ſhe did recover, they might be happy; for that her father ſeemed greatly affected with the ſituation to which her dutiful wiſh to gratify him had reduced her; and that ſhe hoped it would make him reſolve not to inſiſt on a compliance with that promiſe which he had obtained from her, that ſhe would marry Reynel. She told him, that ſhe was ſure that all her father's conduct, which had brought her ſiſter to ſuch a melancholy ſtate, proceeded from the advice of Reynel; on whom ſhe beſtowed ſome ſharp reflections, and mentioned many conjectures which induced her to think ſo ill of him. She promiſed faithfully to ſend him word, three or four times every day, to Mrs. Welles's, how her ſiſter was; again aſſured him that ſhe had great hopes of her ſiſter's recovery, as ſhe had neither heard the raven croaking,

the

the dogs howling, and making graves with their feet, nor ſeen a ſingle winding-ſheet in the candle, ſince ſhe fell ſick; and finally ſhe conjured him, for his own, her's, and her ſiſter's ſake, to be gone immediately from the houſe before her father returned; for that, the firſt place he always came to was the ſick chamber, to inquire how his daughter was; and that ſeeing him there, whom he looked upon as the cauſe of all his misfortunes, would enrage him very much.

Elliot quitted the room where his miſtreſs lay ſo ill, in a ſtate of diſtraction which a lover may conceive, but it is impoſſible to expreſs. Nor, indeed, can we wonder at it. He beheld a lovely girl not eighteen, the ruins of what ſhe was, and almoſt expiring; the maid, on whoſe happy fondneſs he had taught his heart to reſt its own: he had heard her, in the pangs of diſeaſe, and almoſt in the agonies of death,

death, mention his name with fondneſs. He perceived by her delirious ſpeeches, that ſhe was reduced to this ſituation by her affection for him; and her love, which had until now hidden itſelf under delicate coldneſs and unaffected modeſty, like a diſguiſed angel, manifeſted itſelf in a blaze of divine purity, juſt as it was about to aſcend to heaven. He had heard from Lady Frances, that ſhe had promiſed to marry Mr. Reynel. Indeed, had ſhe planned his death, in her preſent ſituation he would have forgiven her: but he had ſeen, that the ſtruggle between love and duty was like to coſt her her life; and while it made him more ſenſible of the value of her love, it made him prize her the more for her virtuous principles.

He retired to Mrs. Welles's, unobſerved except by ſome of the ſervants. His grief was not of ſuch a nature that he could endeavour to divert it; and every

every thing which would ſeem for a moment to take away his attention from it, would but have augmented his uneaſineſs. His mind conſtantly imaged to him the mournful picture he had left, and contraſted it with the lovely, graceful, engaging, lively girl who had made the firſt impreſſion on his heart. Mrs. Welles in vain preſſed him to dine: he could eat nothing; for his ſoul, abſorbed in grief, had forgotten its connexion with the body.—He had ſent Phelim, as ſoon as ever he arrived at Mrs. Welles's, to Caſtlemont, with particular orders that, if any change whatever appeared in Lady Adelaide's ſituation, he ſhould bring him inſtant word of it. Impatient to hear intelligence, and willing to fly miſery (as if a change of place could effect it), he alſo went thither himſelf. Every thing was ſilent: he did not attempt going into the houſe, but walked about it—his anxiety every moment increaſing,

increaſing, from the greatneſs of his impatience, and his eagerneſs to hear ſomething relative to her. At length, a little after midnight, he met Phelim, but heard nothing from him which could either increaſe or diminiſh his ſorrow. He then retired to the cottage; where he threw himſelf on the bed in his clothes, and, fatigued with anxiety of mind, and the exerciſe he had taken that day, fell into a ſlumber: but it afforded him no reſt; for all the horrors of a diſturbed imagination haunted him in it. In the morning a meſſenger appeared, bringing a letter to him from his uncle; in which he begged that he would let him know his ſucceſs—and mentioning, that the fellow who had arreſted him had been caught; that he had confeſſed it was Reynel who had been the cauſe of his impriſonment; and he concluded with deſiring, if he did not ſucceed in obtaining Lady Adelaide, that he would

not fail to ſeek proper ſatisfaction from the treacherous ſcoundrel for the injuries he had done him.

Elliot, who had always entertained a violent antipathy to his rival, now felt inflamed with additional reſentment. He conſidered him as the cauſe of Lady Adelaide's approaching death; and, ever ſince Lady Frances had told him of it, entertained the reſolution of living only to revenge her. He now perceived, that that inſidious rival had privately and diſhoneſtly tried to counteract him. He recollected the affair of Lucinda—the words of his uncle kindled his ſoul, already too inflammable—and he reſolved to take immediate revenge. While he was in this diſpoſition, Phelim brought him word, that Lady Adelaide was rather worſe—but that the phyſicians had ſaid, it was what was to be expected from the nature of her diſeaſe. He alſo added, that he had ſeen Reynel

with

with his "own two eyes," go into the houſe of Caſtlemont about half an hour before he left it. The news of Lady Adelaide's being worſe, and that Reynel, the cauſe of her miſery and his own, was gone there—as it were, to triumph in what he had done—cauſed a violent alteration in the countenance of Stephen; and he deſired Phelim to bring him the piſtols immediately. At theſe words of his maſter, poor O'Flanagan looked very blank, and after ſome heſitation ſaid, that he had forgotten them in town. His maſter replied in a vehement tone, that he had not—for that he had ſeen him take them out of the poſt-chaiſe. The Iriſhman then ſaid, that he had brought them to Caſtlemont, and forgotten them there. His maſter in a rage deſired him, as he valued his life, not to trifle with him—for that he could not have any uſe for them to bring them there. "I'll tell you

what, Sir," ſays Phelim, "'tis beſt to tell the truth: by my ſoul, I don't like your looks; and it don't ſignify talking, but I will never give them to you until you ſwear that you have no deſign upon your precious ſelf: you may take away my life, but you ſhan't take away your own."

Elliot had ſufficient conſideration to ſee the good-natured motive from which his ſervant ſpoke; and, curbing his temper, which from diſappointments and misfortunes was brought to the higheſt ſtate of irritability, he aſſured him that he had no ſuch wicked intention; that he aſked for them, only to be prepared againſt the worſt, as he intended having ſome converſation with Mr. Reynel before he left Caſtlemont. "Poh!" replied Phelim, "do you want the piſtols only to cut the throat of that blackguard? Arrah, if that be all, ſtay till I fix a fine new pair of ſparkling flints in them: they

they will be ready in an inſtant, if you'll but be eaſy until then." The piſtols were ſoon prepared, through the officious induſtry of O'Flanagan, who had not the leaſt objection to his maſter's fighting a duel—and the maſter and man walked out towards Caſtlemont.

They had not waited long at the entrance of the avenue leading to the houſe, in expectation of Reynel, before he appeared riding, and attended by two ſervants. When he perceived Elliot, whom he had flattered himſelf he had ſecured in jail, he ſtarted involuntarily; but his rival, going up to him, ſaid he wiſhed to ſpeak with him in private. "Sir," replied Reynel, growing pale at what he heard, "I cannot bear to be intruded on at preſent; but I am generally to be found at home." He then put ſpurs to his horſe, and rode on. "There then, Sir," anſwered Elliot, "I will make

you ſpeak with me:" and he turned about to go towards Mrs. Welles's, burning with haughty ſpirit, that his enemy ſhould thus dare to treat him with a degree of contempt.

CHAP. XXXII.

REYNEL had come to Caſtlemont on that morning, to propoſe to Lord Moreton a ſcheme which had juſt occurred to him. We muſt indeed do him the juſtice to ſay, that he felt ſenſibly for the dangerous ſituation of Lady Adelaide, whom he had looked upon as about to become his wife immediately. He was, by her death, likely to loſe the poſſeſſion of the perſon of the moſt beautiful girl in England. As to that of her mind, he was too much attached to himſelf, and too much corrupted by the ſucceſs of frequent ſeductions, which his money and cunning,

cunning, not his figure and addreſs, had effected, to pay the leaſt regard to it. But there was a loſs which he felt more ſenſibly even than this, namely, that of half Lord Moreton's fortune, and a chance of obtaining his title at his deceaſe. He execrated his bad fortune, that he had not been married a week before, in which caſe his loſs would not have been ſo great. He could not bear that all the hopes he had been ſo long cheriſhing ſhould be deſtroyed, and all the ſchemes he had planned ſhould become fruitleſs; he, therefore, conſidered how he might obviate it.

He looked upon Lord Moreton as a man who could be made the dupe of artifice; he ſaw that he was very fond of him, and placed great reliance on his integrity; and that he had with the greateſt eagerneſs given into all his plans, and fervently purſued every means to effect an union between him

and his daughter. He reſolved, therefore, to perſuade Lord Moreton, that Lady Adelaide's ſickneſs and delirium was all a mere artifice to excite his pity, that he might not inſiſt upon her keeping the promiſe which ſhe had made to him. That the beſt method to try if his conjecture was true, would be, to have the ceremony performed immediately between them, notwithſtanding her feigned ravings; and that this would, in all probability, diſcover whether ſhe was really ill. He determined to propoſe it to her father as an experiment merely, and that it ſhould not be conſidered as an actual marriage. But he reſolved that the ceremony ſhould be completely gone through, without ever regarding the thought, that he was injuring a lady in the very arms of death, and calumniating departing excellence. If he ſhould effect this, which he thought he could eaſily do by

by ſtratagem, he ſaw that he would enſure her becoming his wife, if ſhe lived; and if ſhe died, he would by inſinuating, and if neceſſary inſiſting, that the marriage was a good one, induce his Lordſhip to huſh the matter up, and give him his other daughter in marriage, and his whole eſtate at his death. Such wild notions, and improbable ſchemes, does an eagerneſs to poſſeſs the object of our deſires make feaſible, even to the moſt cunning and acute mind. Few are they who do not at ſome time entertain ſuch extravagant follies: but a dread of the malice of the world in repreſenting them, oftener ſtifles them as they ariſe, than any ſenſe of their impracticability.

Had Reynel given himſelf any time to reflect, he would in all probability have laid aſide this ſcheme, as one which it was almoſt impoſſible that Lord Moreton ſhould conſent to. But

he ſet off for Caſtlemont while it was ſtill hot in his head, before he had time to take off the garb of novelty which it wore, and examine its real texture. He found his Lordſhip not in the moſt favourable humour to receive ſuch a propoſal: his daughter was grown perceptibly worſe; ſhe had recovered her ſenſes, and ſpoke of death as a bleſſing. Yet ſhe endeavoured to comfort her father, whom ſhe ſaw greatly afflicted, and never once let fall a word which ſeemed to indicate that he was the cauſe of her premature death. Lord Moreton, who could not long ſtand this ſcene, had ſcarcely time to dry up thoſe tears which the gentle reſignation and dutiful tenderneſs of his daughter had drawn from him, when Reynel appeared. Lord Moreton, contrary to his expectations, received his propoſals with horror. The idea that the ſickneſs under which Lady Adelaide ſeemed ſinking,

ſinking, was imaginary, appeared ſhocking and abſurd; and he ſhuddered at the thoughts of attempting to make his dying daughter more wretched, by doing the very thing, the apprehenſion of which he knew to be the cauſe of her preſent danger. Theſe things faſtened ſo ſtrongly in his mind, as not to give him leave to penetrate into the baſe ſelfiſhneſs which lurked under Reynel's deſign. "What, Mr. Reynel," ſaid he, "do you imagine I have forgotten I am a father? or that I ſhould dare to place a ſecond demon of death on her pillow, to oppreſs the boſom, and increaſe the convulſions, of my already expiring child? No, Sir; if you loved her, if you knew how to value her, you could not ſuppoſe her capable of ſuch artifice. How could you marry one you thought had ſuch a mind? I muſt ſay too, that if you had the feelings of a man, you could not ſup-

poſe that a father muſt not feel all the reality of his beloved child's danger. The dear dutiful girl has judged truer of you than I have; and when I obtained her promiſe to marry you, I knew not the value of the ſacrifice ſhe made to her obedience. If it be not now too late, and if Heaven will hear the vows of a repenting parent for an injured daughter, whom his folly would have ruined, never will I inſiſt upon the performance of her promiſe, or impoſe an huſband on her." Lord Moreton had indeed almoſt come to this reſolution before the entrance of Reynel; but whether he would have kept it, if the diſcovery of Reynel's unfeeling piece of deceit had not confirmed him in it, I am very dubious. For theſe virtuous reſolutions excited by pity, are generally unable to withſtand thoſe determinations which are ſeconded by our wiſhes, when the cauſe of compaſſion ceaſes

ceaſes to operate.—Reynel now perceived the folly of his ſcheme, and began to explain away his meaning. "He hoped that his Lordſhip would not retract his favourable opinion of him for propoſing ſuch a thing. That he was induced to it from his knowledge of what other young girls would do, and had done, and that he hoped he would conſider, that as he had not ſeen Lady Adelaide during her illneſs, he could not himſelf judge of the danger of her ſituation. That all he could form an opinion by was the reports of the phyſicians and ſervants, who he muſt now ſuppoſe repreſented her danger as much leſs to him than it really was, as knowing that one who loved her ſo well, muſt feel too ſenſibly her danger, to permit the humane to communicate the full extent of it."—Lord Moreton, although he was by no means ſatisfied with Reynel's excuſe (for, once we entertain

tain a ſuſpicion of a perſon in whom we have placed unlimited confidence, it is not eaſy to get rid of it), yet his paſſion being a little ſubſided, he made no remark on it. He only told him coolly, "That he hoped it was true, as he wiſhed to have a good opinion of his relation; that he muſt know how eager he had been to promote a match between his daughter and him; that he had gone ſo far as even to endanger her life; that her averſion to him was ſo ſtrong, that he was ſure nothing could conquer it; that he could not be ſo inhuman as to wed her where ſhe muſt be unhappy; and that, therefore, he muſt excuſe him if he begged of him to deſiſt from all viſits to his houſe, in quality of a ſuitor."—Reynel, ſeeing that his Lordſhip was determined, felt amazingly confuſed at having thus overſhot himſelf, and deſtroyed all his hopes at once. He could, however, advance nothing

nothing in oppoſition to this requeſt of his Lordſhip; and he was juſt retired, when, as we have before ſaid, Stephen Elliot met him.

Elliot, whoſe reſentment was increaſed by the inſolent behaviour of his rival to him when he thus met him, reſolved to ſeek him immediately in his own houſe, and there demand reparation for the injuries he had done him. Mr. Reynel's houſe was about five miles nearer London than Lord Moreton's; and thither our hero purſued him on foot, accompanied by Phelim, who, in compliance with the cuſtom of his own country, thought this the moſt rational and effectual method of determining any difference. But when he arrived there, he could not find him whom he ſought; for Reynel, conſidering that he had now loſt all proſpect of obtaining Lady Adelaide, thought there was nothing which impoſed the neceſſity on him of

of riſking his life. He was not one of thoſe who poſſeſs a great ſhare of natural courage, and the libertine life he had led, contributed to deprive him of the ſmall ſtock he thus inheritted from conſtitution.

The religious principles we imbibe in our youth, leave the terror of a future ſtate impreſſed on the boſom of the Deiſt and the Atheiſt: his principles are unable to withſtand theſe original ideas, or voice of conſcience, when the terrors of diſſolution are immediately before the ſoul; and all he gains by his boaſted reaſoning is, that he ſtrips a future ſtate of its comforts for him, without being enabled to annihilate in his mind the dread of its horrors. Beſides the terror of death on this account, he felt all that natural and degrading inferiority with regard to Elliot, that one who has done an injury to another muſt feel, at the hoſtile reſolutions of the injured. He gueſſed that Elliot, whoſe

whoſe reſentment towards him was viſible in his looks, as well as in his manner of demanding an interview, would come to his houſe immediately to ſeek him, and gave orders to his ſervants, that he ſhould be denied. Elliot, on receiving this anſwer, at firſt determined to leave a challenge for him in writing; but recollecting the treacherous nature of the man he had to deal with, he conſidered that it would be better to make another attempt to ſee him on the morrow. As his mind was thus, for one day, diſburthened of an affair which could not but occupy much of his thoughts, while it was immediately to be done; the idea of Lady Adelaide's danger took poſſeſſion of it more forcibly, and he diſpatched Phelim off to Caſtlemont, to bring intelligence of her ſituation to the cottage, whither he retired himſelf. There he waited with the utmoſt impatience, until his ſervant

vant had brought him word in the evening, that the phyſicians, who attended Lady Adelaide, had declared that the criſis of the fever would take place on that night, and that her life or death depended on the turn which her diſorder ſhould then take. Stephen, who had, in his concern for her ſafety, abſtracted every ſelfiſh conſideration which attended his love, and would with tranſport have promiſed never to ſee her again, could it inſure her life, paſſed the night on which his fate was to be determined, with the moſt reſtleſs anxiety. He diſpatched Phelim back again, with orders to gain the firſt intelligence of the doctor's declarations on the following day from Sally, whom he knew that he would be able to ſee by the permiſſion of Lady Frances, and the contrivance of his old friend Robin the butler.

Lady Adelaide, who ſometimes during the day had been delirious, and ſome-

ſometimes had recovered her recollection, paſſed the night in an undiſturbed ſleep; out of which ſhe awakened in the morning much better, and perfectly free from any traces of a diſturbed imagination. When her phyſicians on their viſit that day underſtood this, they pronounced her to be almoſt out of danger; but they ſaid, that the moſt effectual reſtorative muſt be applied to the part diſeaſed. That as the diſorder had in a great meaſure originated from uneaſineſs of mind, it would now fly before nothing ſo ſpeedily as the removal of that uneaſineſs. This, however, they ſaid, ſhould be done gradually; for that exceſſive joy might be extremely pernicious in her preſent exhauſted ſtate. When they were gone, Lord Moreton reſolved with Lady Frances, that Sally ſhould inform Lady Adelaide, merely as if for the ſake of converſation, how much affected Lord

Moreton

Moreton ſeemed at her illneſs, and that ſhe was ſure his Lordſhip could never think of aſking her again to do what he ſaw had been almoſt fatally diſagreeable to her. That Lady Frances ſhould in the evening communicate to her, that ſhe had heard her father declare, that if his Adelaide recovered, he would leave her totally to her own choice, as to marrying or rejecting Mr. Reynel; and that as ſoon as ſhe had reconciled herſelf to the joy which that news would bring, that her father ſhould himſelf aſſure her, how he had actually diſmiſſed Reynel, and that ſhe ſhould never be troubled with hearing any thing concerning him again. When Sally told her as ſhe had been deſired, Lady Adelaide lifted up her eyes towards Heaven, as if ſecretly praying that what ſhe had conjectured might be true. "Indeed, Sally," ſaid ſhe, after ſome little time, "I am ſure that my father

father loves me, and that he wiſhes only to conſult my happineſs; but let me not entertain hopes which may but increaſe the misfortune of my deſtiny." Lady Frances now came in, and ſent Sally to inform Phelim, whom ſhe knew to be in the houſe, of the change Lady Adelaide had received for the better; or elſe this good-natured girl, ſeeing how much her miſtreſs ſuffered by ſuſpenſe, would have inconſiderately informed her of every circumſtance ſhe had heard. For Lady Frances had related every thing to her, even of her father's having diſmiſſed Reynel, on purpoſe that Phelim might through her means tell his maſter of all that had happened. Joy kindled an animation in the face of Sally, which completed her beauty, as ſhe communicated the news to Phelim. All mankind are ſenſible to the impreſſions of beauty; and if the higher ranks in ſociety arrogate to them-

themſelves the prerogative of being alone capable of love, they judge from that unreaſonable vain prejudice, which leads them alſo to miſtake themſelves for a diſtinct order of beings. Phelim could not behold the charms of Sally unmoved; they had made a ſlight impreſſion on him, when he firſt became acquainted with her; but the intereſt ſhe took in the fortunes of his maſter, for whom he was ſo much concerned, created a ſimilarity of opinions, and a communication of ſentiments, which never fails to kindle affection between the ſexes. He had originally abſtained from uſing ſuch familiarities towards her, as the vulgar think allowable, out of obedience to the commands of his maſter; and he did it now out of reſpect to herſelf; for affection, where it is truly felt, conſtantly inſpires reſpect. When ſhe had told him every thing which Lady Frances had mentioned, he could not but take a kiſs

a kiſs from the lips which had communicated ſuch joyful news; and ſo high were Sally's ſpirits raiſed by the apparent recovery of Lady Adelaide, and the hopes that ſhe might be married to Elliot, that ſhe could not feel angry at its being thus raviſhed from her. Phelim ran as faſt as he could to the houſe of Mrs. Welles, that he might relieve his maſter from the miſery he knew he endured. He, however, met him on the way, walking backwards and forwards, unable to brook delay. Elliot ſcarce knew how to credit a ſtory, which promiſed ſo much happineſs to him; he had been too long uſed to nothing but miſery in real life, not to doubt that this appearance of felicity was but the illuſion of a dream, or ſome trick of fortune's to deceive him into ſome additional misfortune. When reflection had a little reconciled him to the novelty of his ſituation, he conſidered that

that it was neceſſary both to ſettle his diſpute with Reynel, and to inform his uncle of every thing that had paſſed ſince he had left him. He had now, ſince the expectation of Lady Adelaide's recovery, and the news that Reynel was diſmiſſed from perſecuting her with his ſuit, been able to abate his reſentment towards him.—He had ſought revenge more upon her account than his own; and although he was not now afraid to die, yet he had hopes which made him wiſh to live. Still, however, he thought he had proceeded too far to retract with honour; and he reſolved to ſend Phelim with a letter to him, ſimply and cautiouſly worded, ſignifying, that Mr. Reynel muſt know that there was a buſineſs of a peculiarly delicate nature, which concerned them both materially; the ſettling of which, it was impoſſible that either of them ſhould wiſh to poſtpone. That Mr. Elliot, therefore,

fore, requeſted of him, as he valued the appellation of a gentleman, to appoint ſome place where they might meet for that purpoſe. He diſpatched Phelim off immediately with it, commanding him to deliver it to no one but Reynel himſelf. Having done this, he ſat down and wrote to his uncle a minute account of every thing that had happened to him ſince his arrival at Caſtlemont. Phelim returned ſoon after his maſter had effected this, bringing him the news that Mr. Reynel had ſet off the night before for London, and adding, "that by his ſoul, he was ſure he was a lily-livered wretch, and had not as much blood as a flea in him." Elliot had detained the ſervant who brought the letter from his uncle on purpoſe, until he could declare ſomething poſitive concerning the life of his miſtreſs, and his affair with Reynel; he therefore now diſpatched him

away, as he was able to ſend a good account of both.

CHAP. XXXIII.

THE next morning was that on which Lady Adelaide's father had fixed for declaring to her his determination, that he would never again preſs her to marry Reynel. The information ſhe had already received from Lady Frances and Sally, of the alteration which her illneſs had cauſed in his opinion on this head, had ſo much aſſiſted the turn which her diſorder had taken, that ſhe grew much better; and her phyſicians pronounced her to be now out of danger. Her father, quite rejoiced to hear it, fee'd them not only in proportion to their merit, but to the importance of the news they communicated. He went immediately into her room, to behold with exultation

ultation his daughter returning to health; whoſe life he had conſidered as gone, and to whoſe loſs he had in vain endeavoured to reconcile himſelf. She had been permitted to riſe for a few hours in the day, and was up when he entered her chamber. He kiſſed her with all the fondneſs of a parent; congratulated her upon her recovery; and hoped that ſhe permitted nothing to prey upon her mind which might retard the reſtoration of her health—an event ardently wiſhed for by all the family. The tear ſtood in the eye of the gentle Adelaide, at her father's fondneſs. "My dear child," continued he, "I am not aſhamed to confeſs that I have acted harſhly towards you; never, Adelaide, never would I have forgiven myſelf, if any accident had happened to you in conſequence of it. You judged more rightly of the man I wiſhed to make your huſband than I did. In my eagerneſs to gratify my

own feelings I forgot yours; but I have diſmiſſed Mr. Reynel; and never will I again ſeek to violate your ſenſibility, by impoſing any one on your choice." Lady Adelaide felt this condeſcenſion and kindneſs of her father too much for her preſent weak ſtate; ſhe endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not; ſhe kiſſed his hand, and a flood of tears came ſeaſonably to her relief. All that ſhe could ſay was, "Indeed, my dear papa, you are too good;" and ſhe would have fallen on her knees to thank him. "My dear child," ſaid her father, raiſing her up, "this expreſſive gratitude pains me; as it points out how wrong I was to preſs you who felt ſo ſenſibly, and who love me ſo well. I forgot how I was affected myſelf when I was young; and did not until now reflect, that reſtraint, at all times inſupportable, muſt be doubly ſo in an inſtance where our paſſions muſt, in ſpite of prudence, take an active part. Com-

poſe

poſe yourſelf," continued he, getting up to quit the room, " for your preſent weakneſs admits not of the fatigue of much converſation; and be aſſured that, as I know you are incapable of doing any thing which will be diſagreeable to me, we ſhall always live together in our former uninterrupted harmony."—Having ſaid thus he retired, leaving Lady Adelaide in tears of joy, at the news that her delicacy was not to be violated by a marriage with Reynel. His Lordſhip, when he mentioned " that he knew that Lady Adelaide was incapable of doing any thing diſagreeable to him," meant it as an hint, that, notwithſtanding he had diſmiſſed Reynel, he would never conſent to her union with Elliot. To this he was as much averſe as ever; for he could never reconcile himſelf to give his daughter to a perſon of unequal fortune, however great his worth. So ſtrong are our prejudices,

and ſo powerfully do theſe prejudices teach us to prefer the adventitious emoluments of fortune, to thoſe more excellent gifts of nature, which are as much ſuperior to them, as Heaven, the place from whence they ſprang, is to earth, the parent of worldly riches.

Elliot, as Lady Adelaide became out of danger, grew gradually more ſolicitous about his own immediate happineſs. He ſaw his miſtreſs recovering, and his rival removed; yet he knew not how to take advantage of the propoſal which Lord Sternhold had commiſſioned him to make to Lord Moreton. He dreaded that the averſion he entertained againſt him, was now become ſo habitual, that he might have a particular diſlike to having him for a ſon-in-law, and would even prefer another to him, although he ſhould poſſeſs a ſmaller fortune. Hence he had a great deal to hope and to fear; and this ſtate of doubtful expectation, of

of obtaining what we deſire, is one more fatiguing than the certainty that we have loſt it. When we know the worſt, the mind ſeeks for conſolation from ſome other cauſe; but this quick ſucceſſion of expectation and dread, is as ſickening to the mind, as ſudden changes of climate to the body. Thus did he ſpend ſome time deliberating how he ſhould beſt break the ſubject to Lord Moreton; and conſoling himſelf with the news which he every day received of Lady Adelaide's increaſing health. As he had now no reaſon to conceal himſelf, he went on the enſuing Sunday to church. When the ſervice was over, a Mr. Nichols, who was an old companion of his, came up, and renewing his acquaintance with him, invited him home to dine with him: he accepted of the invitation, and found a number of gentlemen and ladies aſſembled in the houſe when he went there. Notwithſtand-

ing that abſence of mind which an habit of ſilence had produced, he caught a degree of ſprightlineſs ſympathetically from the company, and exerted himſelf to pleaſe. After dinner, when the ladies had retired, and the men were puſhing about the bottle, a gentleman happened to mention in converſation, how Lady Adelaide Moreton was juſt recovering from a violent fit of illneſs. "What," replied a young man dreſſed in the height of the faſhion, "has ſhe not been able until now, to get the better of her diſappointment at not being permitted to marry her footman?" "Indeed, Sir," anſwered the relater of the firſt anecdote, "I imagine that you muſt be miſtaken as to the perſon. I never heard ſuch a circumſtance of the lady I allude to, whom I have always known to bear a moſt unexceptionable character; and I am ſure that you muſt be, at preſent, under a

miſ-

miſapprehenſion."—"Sir," anſwered the other haughtily, "your belief is a matter of very little conſequence to me; I ſpeak from good authority, and I would have you to know, that I am not uſed to permit any one to call my veracity in queſtion with impunity." The other, who was one of thoſe prudent men, who think their own buſineſs ſufficient for them to mind, and their own characters enough for them to defend, made no reply to this threatening ſpeech. But Elliot, who burned to knock the fellow down for his calumny, ſtarting up, ſaid, "I ſhould not heſitate to pronounce any man who would propagate a prejudicial ſtory of any woman, even were he certain that it had a foundation, an unprincipled, unfeeling ſcoundrel; how much worſe is he who ſpreads one which he knows to be falſe! I here declare that, to my own knowledge, what that gentleman has men-

tioned of Lady Adelaide Moreton is a ſcandalous falſehood, and I inſiſt upon his retracting it immediately."—The harmony of the table was now interrupted, and every thing put into confuſion. This blunt unexpected contradiction was what the haughty gentleman could not bear; and had it not been for the interference of thoſe who ſat next to him, he would have proceeded to reſent manually, language which he conſidered as warranting the moſt extravagant treatment which paſſion could dictate.—Both parties were ſo much enraged, that the company in vain attempted a reconciliation. Nothing would ſatisfy Elliot, but an abſolute retraction of the calumny advanced; and Mr. Crofts was ſo far from agreeing to this, that he ſwore poſitively, "That he was ſure that every thing which he had ſaid was true." An agreement to meet the next morning to decide their

difference

difference was the reſult; and Crofts quitted the houſe immediately. Although no one when he was preſent thought proper to oppoſe him, yet every one joined in condemning him in his abſence; and indeed the generous part which our hero had acted, in defending the reputation of a young lady, intereſted every one in his favour. He was now cool enough to apologize to Mr. Nichols for the diſturbance he had cauſed in his houſe: "But," ſaid he, "it was an injury which I never could have completely done away, had I not oppoſed it where it was advanced; as every perſon would have gone away with an impreſſion of its truth, without ever having an opportunity of being convinced of his miſtake." Mr. Nichols declared his perfect approbation of what he had done, and told him that, as he would want a friend to accompany him in this affair, he would in-

ſiſt on attending him. This offer was accepted; and the company, who had no inclination to return to drinking, retired to the ladies. Stephen now exerted himſelf to appear doubly vivacious, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that no one could have imagined that he had ſuch a ſerious affair as a duel upon his hands. At his friend's entreaty, he ſlept at his houſe that night; and early next morning Nichols went with a meſſage from him to Crofts, who lived in the neighbourhood, to appoint the time and place on which they ſhould meet. Crofts, who had expected this viſit, appointed a place midway, to which both of them were to go immediately. Elliot, having written four ſhort letters, directed ſeverally for his father, his uncle, Doctor Enſor, and Lady Adelaide, attended by Nichols and his man Phelim, reached the ground firſt; which, by an odd accident enough, happened

happened to be the little grove in which, when diſguiſed as a footman, he had met his miſtreſs. They had not long to wait for their antagoniſts; and Nichols wanted the ſecond of Crofts to induce his principal to make a proper apology for what he had ſaid. But he was one of thoſe hot-headed young men, who eſteem a duel neceſſary to eſtabliſh their reputation; and who conſider the riſking their own life, and that of another, as matters of very little conſequence, provided they thus give their acquaintance occaſion to talk of them. He, therefore, declared himſelf againſt all diſcuſſion of the matter whatever, until after a caſe of piſtols had been diſcharged.—He who chuſes a raſh or fooliſh friend to accompany him on ſuch occaſions, runs a double hazard of loſing his life. The ground was meaſured out; Crofts fired firſt, and the ball wounded Elliot in the ſhoulder; but he keeping him-

himſelf ſteady, immediately returned the fire, and wounded his opponent in the groin. The pain of the wounds of either, however, was not ſo great immediately, as to cauſe them to fall. The ſeconds now interfered; and, ſeeing both parties wounded, would have had them retire without any further explanation.—But Elliot anſwered, "That as he was wounded as well as Mr. Crofts, they were ſtill upon an equality; that he had not come there to ſatisfy any trifling punctilio of honour, but to redreſs an injury done to a young lady, for which ſhe could not ſeek ſatisfaction, and for which the laws afforded her no adequate redreſs. That he was, therefore, determined never to quit the ſpot, until the gentleman confeſſed that what he had ſaid was falſe, or until one of them ſhould be rendered unable to fire any more."

The

The difference between the immutable courage of Elliot, founded on principle, and ſupported by a ſenſe of right; and that of Crofts, which had nothing to ſtay it but a conſtitutional rigidity of nerves, was now apparent. The pain of his wound depreſſed it; the reſolution of his adverſary diminiſhed it; and the ſenſe of his having done wrong, completed its extinction. He therefore, through the mediation of his ſecond, who ſeemed alſo to have ſuffered ſome diminution of his ferocity, confeſſed, "that what he had ſaid, he had believed upon the relation of one of his ſervants; and that as he ſaw a man of honour willing to atteſt its falſehood with his blood, he could give no further credit to it, and was now ſorry for ever having propagated ſuch an unfounded ſtory." Nichols then declared the neceſſity of this apology being made in the company in which the wrong had been done;

done; and as Mr. Crofts did not ſeem able to do this as ſoon as it would be neceſſary, he invited his ſecond to meet the ſame company to do it for his principal the day after the morrow. Elliot, whoſe wound was but very ſlight, was able to walk to Mr. Nichols's carriage, leaving his man Phelim to aſſiſt Mr. Crofts to his, who had fainted twice with the pain of his wound and loſs of blood. Nichols, who had heard of Elliot's attachment to Lady Adelaide, and who believed that ſhe had preferred Reynel to him, as the report of her being about to marry him had ſpread univerſally through the country, could not but wonder why Elliot ſhould thus venture his life for one who had ſlighted him for another. After making ſome apologies to him for the liberty he was about to take, he inquired an explanation from him. Elliot frankly replied, that he thought it the duty of every man to endeavour

to

to protect the lovelieſt part of the creation from calumny, which was to them the worſt of injuries, and which they were precluded by their ſex from avenging. "I will not deny alſo, that my love for Lady Adelaide (which is, I perceive, well known to you, and which no refuſal of her's could deſtroy) made me take up the matter more warmly than I would otherwiſe have done; and I believe you can hardly blame any paſſion I ſhould feel in ſuch a ſituation." He alſo undeceived Nichols, with regard to her ever having made Reynel her choice; and told him that Lord Moreton had broke off the match, on account of her diſlike to it. Nichols, who admired the ſpirit and generous ſentiments of his gueſt, inſiſted upon his remaining with him until the day when Mr. Crofts's ſecond was to deliver the retraction of what he had ſpoken with a raſh ill-nature. Stephen found his wound,

wound, when it came to be examined, though it had bled a great deal, to be but ſlight, and in a few days he felt no inconveience whatever from it. When the appointed day came, and all the company were aſſembled, Elliot was greatly ſurpriſed by the appearance of Lord Moreton among them. He wiſhed that, out of delicacy, his Lordſhip ſhould have known nothing of the matter; but as that was now impoſſible, he bargained with Nichols, that he himſelf ſhould be permitted to retire while the apology was delivering. His old ſchool-fellow had invited Lord Moreton on that day, that he might hear of the generous behaviour of Elliot, which he hoped might induce him to alter his opinion of him, and to take him for his ſon-in-law; and his Lordſhip had now no averſion to come into company, as Lady Adelaide was ſufficiently recovered to take the air. Lord Moreton looked at Stephen with ſurpriſe,

ſurpriſe, as one whom he did not expect, and was ſorry to ſee in the country, now that his daughter was recovering. He behaved towards him with all the formality of diſlike; and our hero, however he wiſhed it, could not ſo far bend the haughtineſs of his temper, as to court a man whom he ſaw avoiding all communication with him. Elliot retired from the company ſoon after dinner; when Mr. Crofts's ſecond delivered the apology agreed upon, and both he and Mr. Nichols ſpoke in very high terms of the behaviour of our adventurer. The table reſounded with his applauſes; for every one of them praiſed an action, which few or none of them would venture to imitate. Lord Moreton, who was very much affected to hear that ſuch a ſcandalous report had been circulated concerning his daughter, could not but be greatly rejoiced that it had been thus done away. This wrought a great

a great change in his opinion of Elliot, whom he conſidered as unacquainted with Reynel's diſmiſſal; and therefore, as acting from the moſt diſintereſted motives. Perceiving that he had ſlipped out of the room, he reſolved to ſeize the opportunity of following him, and thanking him in private for the ſervice he had done his family. He found Elliot walking in the garden; and perceiving that, as ſoon as he ſaw him, he turned away to avoid him, he called to him, begging of him to ſtay, as he had ſomething to ſay to him. When Lord Moreton came up to him, he thanked him for the ſervice he had done the honour of his family, by wiping away an unjuſt aſperſion from the character of his daughter, and hoped that a complete reconciliation would take place between them. "With a mind like yours, Mr. Elliot," ſaid he, "I think it right to deal frankly; I will, therefore,

fore, openly tell you, that there is nothing which I would not give to purchaſe your friendſhip, except one of my daughters; but the dignity of my houſe requires, that each of them ſhould marry a man of fortune, which I am ſorry you are not. If, then, you can forget any attachment you may have had, and faithfully obſerve the promiſe you made to Lord Sternhold, I ſhall be proud of your acquaintance, and happy, as ſoon as my daughters are married, in ſeeing you at my houſe."

Elliot, pleaſed that the ice was thus broken, could not help ſmiling at this odd method of bargaining for a friendſhip. He thanked his Lordſhip for his kindneſs, and aſſured him that he had never entertained any reſentment againſt him for oppoſing a marriage which he thought prejudicial to his daughter, becauſe it croſſed his happineſs. But he demanded if want of wealth

wealth was the only objection he had to his alliance; "for, if it ſhould," ſaid he, "my Lord, the generoſity of my uncle will, I hope, enable me to ſurmount that obſtacle." Lord Moreton replied, that his daughters would each of them inherit five thouſand pounds a year at his death, and that he would give up two thouſand a year to each of them on the day of their marriage. "Now if your uncle will give up the ſame ſum to you then, and make it up ſix thouſand per annum at his death, I know of no man whom, from his principles, I would ſo ſoon chuſe to become my ſon as you; and I believe," ſaid he, ſmiling, "that you would be full as agreeable to my daughter as to me."

Elliot thanked his Lordſhip, and aſſured him, that Lord Sternhold had promiſed him that he would make ſuch a ſettlement in his favour. The father of Lady Adelaide was perfectly ſatisfied

ſatisfied at this declaration, and invited him to come to Caſtlemont on the next day; "although I will not promiſe you," ſaid he, "that you ſhall ſee your miſtreſs, as ſhe has not as yet quitted her room, except to take the air for a few hours in the middle of the day." Our hero was elated with joy, that every thing had been thus concluded to his ſatisfaction; and he returned to the company with Lord Moreton, who was not leſs pleaſed that he had thus been eaſed of all his fears on account of his daughter's attachment to Elliot, and that it reſted with herſelf, now, either to approve of or reject him, without any neceſſity lying upon him to oppoſe her choice.

When all the company had retired, Elliot returned thanks to his friend Nichols for having invited Lord Moreton, and communicated to him his good fortune. His hoſt exulted not a little in the ſucceſs of his ſcheme,

and,

and, ſhaking him by the hand, congratulated him on the likelihood of his becoming at length completely happy.

CHAP. XXXIV.

ELLIOT, we may be ſure, ſlept not much that night, or the next morning, on which he was to go to Caſtlemont. Phelim, as he was ſettling his maſter's hair, could not but obſerve the pleaſure which his lively geſtures and frequent ſmiles ſhewed that he felt; and without heſitation he begged of him to inform him of the cauſe of it. His maſter, being willing to dally with his impatience a little, replied, that a gentleman of fortune, who dined with him yeſterday, had given him leave to pay his addreſſes to his daughter, and that he was going to viſit her that day.——

O'Flanagan

O'Flanagan queſtioned him two or three times, as if he did not believe it; but his maſter perſevering in the ſtory, he ſaid no more, but began to whiſtle vehemently. Then ſpeaking to himſelf, he ſaid, "Bad luck to her, whoever ſhe is! and ſo 'tis come to this at laſt! Poor Lady Adelaide will die for grief: but 'tis no matter; a curſe will attend it: hanging, hanging is too good." "What's all this you're muttering, you blockhead?" cried Elliot, affecting to be in a paſſion.—"I'm only thinking, Sir," anſwered he, "that as you are in a humour to change your miſtreſs, you may be in one likewiſe to change your ſervant—and I think that the ſooner you begin the better." "What, Phelim, won't you live with me?" "Live with you! No," cried he: "I'd ſooner live with a Turk or a fiſhmonger, than one ſo falſe-hearted. I'd be afraid that one who forſakes his true love, and courts

another, would cut my throat when I was dead aſleep." "But ſuppoſe, Phelim," ſaid his maſter, who was much pleaſed with his ſenſe of honour, "that it ſhould be Lady Adelaide herſelf whom I was going to viſit, and that I had obtained her father's conſent to ſee her?" O'Flanagan, whoſe wiſhes made him believe this to be true immediately, gave three jumps for joy, which, as he was a large man, ſhook the whole houſe—and, clapping his hands together, cried, "We're made for ever! we're made for ever!" and ſo great was his exultation, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could compoſe himſelf ſufficiently to complete the dreſſing of his maſter; for, as he ſaid himſelf, he believed "that he was bewitched with joy."

Elliot, as ſoon as he was dreſſed, and had breakfaſted, mounted his horſe, and rode ſlowly towards Caſtlemont, intending to arrive there about one

one o'clock, at which time he thought that he ſhould be likely to meet his miſtreſs as ſhe returned from riding out. "Pray now, maſter," ſays Phelim, as they travelled gently onward, "though, to be ſure, you muſt be mighty happy at going to take poſſeſſion of Lady Adelaide, who has cauſed you to play ſo many out of the way pranks for her ſake, yet do you not feel ſomething uneaſy at thus going to be tied up for life?" "How can that be, Phelim?" replied his maſter: "can I fancy it any reſtraint, that I ſhall have the opportunity of making her I love happy for my life?" "Ah, but, maſter," replied the man, "is there not ſomething tireſome in thus being obliged to make one happy for life, whether a perſon can or will or no? Then conſider, that you are no longer your own property, but, like your horſe there, are ſubject to another's controul. Troth, maſter, this

ſame marriage, by which two people can have their bodies ſpliced together, but not always their wiſhes, is an out of the way ſort of a ceremony." "I am glad, Phelim," returned his maſter, "that I have found out what libertine notions you entertain, as I was thinking of providing you with a wife; but I cannot recommend one who holds your opinions to any girl." "Oh, by my ſoul, maſter, if that be all, you may ſet your heart at eaſe: you ſhall never provide a wife for me. Arrah, Sir, for what did God give me eyes, if it was not to look about me and pleaſe myſelf? No, no, Sir: thank God, I am no Lord, nor no Lady, to marry myſelf to a yard of land or bags of gold. I have more of the man about me, than to put up with any thing but ſweet fleſh and blood. But, 'faith, Sir, myſelf is thinking of marrying; for I'm growing old—and 'tis time for me to begin to make for myſelf

myſelf thoſe riches of a poor man called children." "And who is this ſweet piece of fleſh and blood to whom you are attached, Phelim?" "Oh, by my ſoul, Sir," replied he, "you can put in a good word for me there, that will do the buſineſs at once; and if you don't, you're very ungrateful—for many's the good word I put in for you. 'Tis only to bid Sally Welles like a kind-hearted fellow as I am, and I'll think all I ever did for you well paid. She has certainly bewitched me; and my eyes ſtick upon her face as if there was birdlime on it. She uſed to ſpeak ſo fondly of Lady Adelaide and you, when I uſed to be running backwards and forwards to bring you word how ſhe did, that I know ſhe's good-natured; and many a time have I gazed on her honeyed lips and white heaving boſom, until I felt that I wanted no other food but the ſight of her. Ah, maſter!" con-

tinued he, licking his lips, "whenever I ſee her ſpeaking ſo prettily, and looking down ſo modeſtly, I long to kiſs her out of that roguiſh baſhfulneſs that has robbed me of my heart."—"Well, Phelim," replied his maſter, "ſince I ſee that you are ſo deep in love, I will uſe all my influence with her to promote your happineſs."

They had by this time got up to the houſe, and Elliot alighted before his honeſt ſervant had time to deliver him thanks. Having learned from his old friend Robin, the butler, that neither Lord nor Lady Moreton were at home; and that Lady Adelaide was returned from taking the air, and was in her dreſſing-room, not having ventured down ſtairs to ſit as yet, he could not reſtrain his impatience to ſee and ſpeak to her, but ran up ſtairs, reflecting as he went, with tranſport, upon the different feelings he was affected with now, and at the time he had

had aſcended them laſt, when he dreaded every moment the diſſolution of his miſtreſs. His eagerneſs permitted him not to rap at the door; and opening it he ſaw Lady Adelaide ſtanding at the window. Unable to govern his feelings, at once excited by the thoughts of her father's approbation, and ſeeing her thus reſtored to health, he ran towards her, who had turned her eyes towards the door, at the noiſe of its opening, and catching her in his arms, he cried as he circled her in his embrace, "O happy day, I live to ſee my Adelaide reſtored to health! Heaven ſure took pity on the ſincere ſorrow of love." His miſtreſs, to whom her ſiſter had communicated the viſit he had made her during her illneſs, participated too ſenſibly in the happineſs of ſeeing him after having ſuffered ſo much, to be able to check him for his freedom. Involuntarily pleaſed with this tranſport of his love;

ſhe for a while forgot every other thought in the contemplation of it, and willingly ſuffered his careſſes. At length, gently diſengaging herſelf from him, ſhe ſaid in a low voice, "Mr. Elliot, I am glad to ſee you, yet I wiſh you had not come here; you know my ſituation, and that conſideration will make you retire. I am ſure your regard for me is too great not to partake of my happineſs: you have heard that my father has freed me from the perſecution of Mr. Reynel; and you are too generous not to forgive me, if, in requital of his kindneſs and regard to my duty, I refuſe to ſee any one whom I know it would be diſagreeable to him that I ſhould. Go, Mr. Elliot," ſaid ſhe, waving her hand, and turning about her head to hide thoſe emotions cauſed by a conflict between her regard for him and her principles, "go, I cannot ſpeak more. Without my father's leave I cannot

ſee

ſee you again; but never will I forget your affection, or the promiſe I made you." "O my Adelaide!" replied her enraptured lover, "you have now in ſpeaking to me no duty to contend againſt. My fate henceforth lies in your boſom alone, for it is with your father's wiſhes that I came here to-day." This news was too powerful for Lady Adelaide in her preſent weak ſtate; for Lord Moreton, willing to ſurpriſe his family, had not mentioned a word of their reconciliation. She tottered as ſhe endeavoured to gain a chair, to which her lover ſuſtained her trembling limbs; and ſeating himſelf cloſe to her, without quitting his hold, he gazed on her with looks enamoured, while her recollection was loſt in a variety of ſenſations.—Every thing conſpired to make this a rapturous moment of fondneſs; Lady Adelaide appeared to her lover more precious, more charm-

ing, as juſt reſcued from the arms of death. She was dreſſed in a white gown, emblematic of her purity; a red ribband encircled her waiſt, and ſeemed, like the girdle of Venus, to bind the attendance of the modeſt Graces and fragrant Loves, and to inveſt her with the ſovereignty over every heart. She ſtill retained a delicacy and languor in her looks, the traces of departing ſickneſs; which ſcarcely detracting from her beauty, gave a poignancy to the lover's feelings, by exciting a tender ſolicitude for her health and ſafety. Full of what ſhe had heard, ſhe reclined almoſt inſenſibly on him, and was unable to ſay any thing.—"Does my Adelaide," ſaid her lover, preſſing her to his boſom, and ſnatching a kiſs, which maddened his ſoul with fondneſs, "does my Adelaide repine at my happineſs?" "Indeed, Mr. Elliot," replied his miſtreſs, raiſing herſelf up,

"it.

"it is very ſurpriſing; I did not expect this."—Both of them felt an uneaſy fullneſs of joy, and found their thoughts too ſtrong and too tumultuous to bear the trammels of language, or a diſtant ſeparation from each other. As for Elliot, he was inclined to commit a thouſand extravagancies; but the gentle feelings of his miſtreſs wiſhed to get vent in tears. Lady Frances, who ſincerely partook in their happineſs, perceiving their ſituation to be diſtreſſing, bounced up, and, going to the door, returned in a hurry; then falling on her knees ſhe cried, imitating the voice of Elliot, "Yes, my Adelaide, we will go where no cruel parent can prevent our bliſs, where worth knows not the diſtinctions of wealth." This ſudden and ludicrous alluſion to the plaints of Elliot, when he imagined that Lady Adelaide was dying, recalled the lovers from their oppreſſive attention to their own

ſituation. Lady Adelaide gently reproached her ſiſter by her looks, for touching on a ſubject which recalled the memory of her ravings. Elliot, who perceived her confuſion, ſaid, "Let her alone, Lady Adelaide; ſhe is only charitably preaching up the precarioufneſs of human affairs, to a man who is now the happieſt, as he was a few days ago the moſt wretched of mortals." "I wiſh I knew," continued Lady Frances, aſſuming an arch gravity of look, "how I could preach up a little good manners to you, who have been ſo long in the room without taking the leaſt notice of me; you have not either ſaid or done one civil thing to me ſince you came up ſtairs; and yet I deſerve it, were it for no other conſideration, than taking care of that lady there, for whom only your eyes and your tongue ſeem to have been given you to-day." Elliot got up, and, kiſſing her,

her, replied, "Thanks are too poor, Lady Frances, and you muſt forgive my negligence; for, as I was raving with ſorrow when you laſt ſaw me, I am now raving with joy." "I wiſh," anſwered Lady Frances, "you had told me that you were mad before this kiſſing went round: there may be danger; your madneſs may be catching, Mr. Elliot."

Our hero aſſured her, laughing, that the kiſs of a lover never had that effect, except on his miſtreſs; and Lady Frances began to recite the dream ſhe had laſt night, which foretold this general concord. She proceeded to expound it according to the rules of Artemidorus, as ſhe related it, when the coming in of Lord Moreton interrupted her. "Hey-day! fine work, Mr. Elliot," ſaid he; "not an hour in the houſe until you are flirting with my daughters! Come, come, this will never do: you are diſturbing my poor ſickly

ſickly girl there. See," ſaid he, pointing to Lady Adelaide, who appeared a little diſconcerted at the preſence of her father, " ſhe looks much worſe than when I left her this morning. When ſhe gets down ſtairs, which will be tomorrow or next day, you may chat as much as you pleaſe." Having ſaid this, he made Elliot follow him to ſee Lady Moreton; who having heard of the change in his fortune, received him with a great deal of complaiſance; and indeed this was all that could be expected from her, for ſhe was incapable of affection. In the evening, a coach drove up to the door, and Lord Sternhold and Doctor Enſor were announced. They had gueſſed, from the intelligence contained in Stephen's laſt letter, that he was in all probability reconciled before this to Lord Moreton; and his uncle, at all events, reſolved to go down to Caſtlemont, to haſten the happineſs of his beloved nephew.

nephew. He was delighted to ſee that every thing had been effected without his preſence, and he agreed to every thing which Lord Moreton required relative to the ſettlements. "And now," ſaid he, turning to Elliot, "ſince it is all over, can't I ſee the young Lady, that I may know whether I have thrown away my money, and you your heart? Well, Stephen," continued the old man, "I am glad to ſee that you have choſen the old way of making love, in your own proper perſon, and not by proxy, as is the cuſtom now-a-days. Two old fellows finding that their eſtates are pretty near each other, or their money-piles juſt of a ſize; immediately there muſt be a match between the families. Maſter goes to look at Miſs; who being appriſed that he wants a wife, her eyes tell him kindly how much ſhe is at his ſervice, as ſhe wants to be independent of her mother; and then ſhe diſplays all

all her impertinencies, which her parents and herſelf call accompliſhments. One comes to buy, and the other ſeeks to be bought; one is all impudence and deceit, and the other is not a whit behind hand. Before they ſee each other, the firſt inquiry is, not, whether the gentleman be well made, well educated, or well tempered; nor whether the Lady be handſome, ſenſible, and gentle; but they both cry out, "What fortune?" When they meet, if they mention the word love, it is merely for faſhion ſake. 'Tis a ſort of ſuperſtitious, cabaliſtical word, which, they have heard, had once the power of joining people together; but, like all witchcraft and mummeries, has loſt its force at preſent. Even the good old faſhion of coupling love and dove, dart and heart, is quite gone; and you might as well expect to kill an Iriſh rat with rhimes, as to ſubdue with them the heart of a fine lady.

lady. It is the lawyer now who makes love, and wins the lady's affections for her ſpouſe with long parchments, and the fine ſounds of *iſſue on the ſpinſter's body lawfully to be begotten, and ſettling things in tail.* Well, I am old now, and can't tell how young people feel; but I know when I was young, I ſhould have thought it an indecent thing to ſee two young folks make no more words about love; but only, like a rake and a proſtitute, ſtand coolly deliberating and higgling about the price of going to bed together. You and your miſtreſs, however, have not choſen this ſedate way of going about it; and the conſequence will be, that ſhe will not bring you, for me to fondle, ſuch powder-monkies as the beaus of the preſent day; but a crew of bouncing boys, who will do honour to my family, and ſink the French navy, if their king commands it." Thus did the good, plain

plain Lord Sternhold, pleaſed that his nephew was on the point of being made happy, run on, to the great delight of the company. Lady Adelaide was ſoon able to come down ſtairs as uſual; and Lord Sternhold, when he ſaw her, declared, "that he could not wonder if his nephew would have deſtroyed himſelf, had he been deprived of her." Stephen ſpent his time in endeavouring to amuſe her, and increaſe her good opinion of him. The day could not but glide pleaſantly along, which was thus ſpent, either in reading to, or chatting with his miſtreſs, and in riding out conſtantly, completely to eſtabliſh her health. No time can hang heavy on the hands of two lovers while they are together; every thing which relates to the other, is of importance to them; loſt in the conſideration of each other, they are blind to every thing elſe; and it might often

often happen, that a ſingle ſentence ſhould give their mind occupation for a whole day.

CHAP. THE LAST.

LADY ADELAIDE's health was now completely eſtabliſhed, and her lover preſſed eagerly for the completion of his happineſs in marriage. In ſpite of the reluctant delays which maiden fears inſpire, he prevailed; and the day of their marriage was, with the full conſent of Lords Moreton and Sternhold, fixed to be in eight days. The preparations for it required no time; for it was, in compliance with the requeſt of Lady Adelaide, kept, as all marriages are very properly now-a-days, in private. The intermediate time between that of appointment and the expected day which was to crown Elliot's happineſs, where the

the mind muſt be ſick with expectation, it was not as eaſy to ſpend with ſatisfaction, as when the proſpect of happineſs was more remote. Doctor Enfor, however, contrived to make it paſs away as lightly as poſſible, by varying their amuſements, and thus diverting the mind from dwelling on its approaching bliſs. As they were riding out to paſs away the morning of the day before the wedding was to be ſolemnized, Elliot remarked, with ſome ſurpriſe, his old acquaintance Mr. Timothy Supple coming up, who had, as we have already mentioned, been the coadjutor of Reynel in diſcovering the paſſion of Stephen for Lady Adelaide to her father, and who had circulated the ſtory at Cambridge of his having ſubmitted to an horſe-whipping. He was dreſſed in the habit of a clergyman, and had the aſſurance to ſalute Elliot with the familiarity of an old friend. He returned it in a diſtant

diſtant manner; but perceived Lady Adelaide to change colour as the carriage paſſed her. He preſſed her hand with fond ſolicitude, and inquired the reaſon of it, or if ſhe was ill. She replied with a ſmile, that ſhe was not; but told him in a whiſper, that the woman, who by Reynel's inducement had related to her the ſtory of his having traduced her, which had cauſed her to doubt of his fidelity, was in the carriage with that man. Elliot, ſpurred on by curioſity, ſent Phelim, who conſtantly attended them, to inquire whether it was Lucinda who really was with Supple. He ſoon returned, laughing very heartily, and told his maſter, "that it was Lucinda, ſure enough; and that the ſervant, who was with them, had told him that ſhe was Mr. Supple's wife, and much good may his bargain do him! By my ſoul, myſelf could not help going up to them, to wiſh them joy; but 'faith,

I cautioned

I cautioned maſter Supple to hold his lady faſt, as ſhe had an ugly trick of running away and robbing herſelf." Elliot bluſhed as his man ſpoke; for he feared that what he ſaid about her running away from him, might be underſtood by the reſt of the company; nor did he feel any ſatisfaction at ſeeing them thus yoked to miſery. It ſeems that they had mutually impoſed on each other by falſe pretences of poſſeſſing fortunes, and, when the impoſition came to be diſcovered, they had the impudence mutually to reproach each other for the deceitful part they had acted. However, Lucy comforted herſelf, that ſhe had got a huſband when ſhe ſtood moſt in need of one; and Supple reflected with a pleaſure, which could alone enter into the baſeſt mind, that the beauty and looſe principles of his wife would afford him one of the readieſt, and at preſent moſt uſual methods

methods of obtaining preferment in the church. Nor were his conjectures wrong; for he was now going to take poſſeſſion of a curacy, which he had obtained by this very means, and a plentiful deal of groſs flattery. Reynel, when he had heard of their marriage, had given Lucinda five hundred pounds, and with this Supple had at firſt got himſelf called to the bar; but finding that flattery and ignorance could not do much there, he had at laſt taken to the church, as to his final reſource. The day now came, which was to give the fond, yielding, bluſhing Adelaide to the arms of her tranſported lover. The bride was dreſſed for the occaſion in a white undreſs, which fully diſplayed the majeſtic beauties of her perſon, and gave the eaſy graces room to ſhine around her. There is, indeed, a tempting degree of ſoft elegance and domeſtic familiar happineſs in a diſhabille, which the ſplendid

ſplendid incumbrance of dreſs can never attain. Doctor Enſor had himſelf gone to bring old Mr. and Mrs. Elliot to the wedding of their ſon. They were both pleaſed, as much as age can feel ſympathetic pleaſure, at their child's being thus united to a virtuous beautiful woman of great family and a large fortune. But the joy of old Mr. Elliot burſt forth into extravagance; he attributed all his ſon's ſucceſs to himſelf, and he even praiſed himſelf publicly for his foreſight in having turned him unprovided for into the world. Lady Adelaide immediately attached herſelf to her mother-in-law with fondneſs, nor was the good Mrs. Elliot backward in returning it. Their underſtandings and their virtues made their ſouls ſeek each other with that native attraction which forces congenial ſubſtances to unite together: the only difference in their love was, that that of Lady Adelaide was more

more tempered with reverence than that of her mother; and it was in the delicate fondneſs of her ſympathiſing mind, that the bride ſought for ſupport on the day on which ſhe was married, than in the ſoulleſs chatter of her own mother. The marriage was ſolemnized at Caſtlemont, by ſpecial licence; and Lady Frances, aſſiſted by Mrs. Elliot, ſupported her trembling ſiſter during the ceremony. The roſy terrors ſat upon the face of the gentle Adelaide; which ſpringing from delicacy, gave her countenance all the varied timid beauties, which declare the feelings of the mind more fully than the moſt eloquent language. Theſe modeſt heralds of her thoughts thrilled the ſoul of Elliot, when, as ſoon as the ceremony was performed, he fixed the glowing kiſs on the lips of his bride, which ſealed her his own for life. No indecent alluſions alarmed the modeſty of the bride after the

ceremony took place; and the old folks, who joy to recollect their own pleaſures, and live their happineſs over again in that of their children, exerted themſelves to make the night paſs unnoticed in merriment, and reſtrain the ſhort-breathed anxieties of the impatient bridegroom. Lord Sternhold whiſpered Elliot, with a ſmile, as he was retiring for the night, that he would be content to ſacrifice his paſt and preſent life to enjoy one night's happineſs like his; and Stephen graſped his hand, and told his Lordſhip how ſenſible he was that he owed it all to his kindneſs. As to the happineſs our hero now experienced, I ſhall not debaſe it by deſcription; his was one of the few ſituations in which the tranſports excel what the mind has been able to imagine or dared to hope for.

The day after the conſummation of our hero's happineſs, he was told that a lady and gentleman of the name of

of Filmer, had driven in a coach and ſix up to the door, and inquired for him. He went down with impatience, wondering how Filmer had married unknown to him; and that he, whoſe private fortune he knew to be originally ſmall, and now quite ſpent, ſhould make his appearance in a coach and ſix. When he came to the door to invite them in, for they had refuſed to alight, he to his aſtoniſhment found Mrs. Filmer to be no other than the widow Marchmont. Filmer pointed with exultation to his bride, who bluſhed at the ſight of Elliot. The latter inſiſted upon their coming in, until he introduced them to all his family; and Mrs. Filmer owned to him, with a ſigh, after ſhe had been introduced to Lady Adelaide, that he had in her a ſufficient excuſe for inconſtancy to any other woman. After dinner, when Filmer and Elliot were alone (who ſat out the reſt of the company, on

purpoſe to have a little private converſation), the former gave him the following account of his marriage: "When I went home to the widow Marchmont, with the money which ſhe had given me to releaſe you from confinement, ſhe received me with an eaſy familiarity, which was very pleaſing, and invited me to go often to ſee her. I had but little ſociety elſe in London, and I naturally went where I was ſure of being agreeably entertained. We grew by degrees fonder of each other's company; I was no great proficient in the art of making love; and, luckily for me, the widow was not as coy as a green girl. I conſidered that I was older than her, for I am thirty-three, and alſo the extent of her fortune; but, beſides this, I really loved her; and ſhe feeling the ſame inclination towards me, we took out a licence and married privately. Now at length, my dear friend, do you

you ſee me completely and ſteadily ſettled for life; and never will I change my reſolution to lead the quiet retired life of a plain country gentleman." Elliot was not a little rejoiced that the match had been concluded without his knowledge. He loved Filmer ſincerely; and he would have felt himſelf in a very awkward ſituation, if he had known that he was going to marry a woman, who he was ſenſible poſſeſſed very great foibles, and yet which he was in honour bound to conceal even from his friend, though in ſuch a ſituation, as well as from the reſt of the world: nor would the regard he entertained for the widow have puzzled him leſs. For he was ſenſible that the inconſtancy of Filmer's diſpoſition was ſo great, that it might be the ſource of much uneaſineſs to to a woman whom he ſincerely wiſhed happy. On theſe accounts he was glad, that a marriage to which he

had objections for both their ſakes, had been concluded without his privity; and as the matter was paſt recalling, he was willing to hope that they might both be happy, as each of them poſſeſſed a vaſt fund of good temper, many great virtues, and ſeemed ſincerely to love each other. After tea had been ſerved up, and the gentlemen were aſſembled with the ladies, Mrs. Filmer took an opportunity of drawing Elliot aſide to one of the windows, and ſpeaking to him thus: "You will, perhaps, wonder, Mr. Elliot, that I, who have long led a ſingle life, and declared my averſion to a ſecond marriage, ſhould thus on a ſudden be brought to conſent to one. But I have now felt, that it is not always poſſible to live ſingle and innocent, nor often poſſible to live ſingle and without reproach. A woman, therefore, of my unthinking turn, who has been once married, though

ſhe

ſhe may, as I do, deſpiſe the opinion of the world in moſt things, yet muſt reverence it as far as it tends to affect her reputation; and, if ſhe wiſhes to preſerve that reputation, muſt marry. The gentleman I have choſen, is not I am ſenſible without foibles; but he poſſeſſes, I think, every qualification neceſſary to make a woman happy, who is willing to be pleaſed. I muſt acknowledge that I have ſometimes deſervedly incurred cenſure; yet the world has, I know, been pleaſed to think worſe of me than I have deſerved. I never have been very guilty except with you; and I know you too well to fear, that you will betray me to your friend, eſpecially when that friend is my huſband. I am now, Mr. Elliot, retiring to the country; and I hope to be an example, that a woman may have unfortunately once yielded to her paſſions, and yet have retained ſuch a regard to virtue, as afterward

to perſevere rigidly in its paths." Elliot aſſured her of his ſecrecy; and ſhe and Mr. Filmer ſet out that evening for their country ſeat, reſiſting the moſt preſſing intreaties of Lord and Lady Moreton to ſtay the night there. The next morning, as Phelim was attending Elliot, he ſaid to him, "Upon my word, maſter, I am put quite out of countenance by you and Mr. Filmer being married before me, and can no longer think of living without a wife. 'Faith, Sir, it is an hard caſe, that if the bed's cold, I can get no one to warm it, and that even if I want to ſcratch my back, I am forced to do it myſelf. I hope, therefore, Sir, that you will give me leave to take a bit of a wife to myſelf, that I may not be obliged to hug myſelf only, as I lie without any body to ſing me with their ſnoring to ſleep." Elliot heard Lady Adelaide in the next room; and requeſting of her to come in, he aſked her,

her, "if ſhe thought he ought to beſtow any favour upon a ſervant, who had threatened ungratefully to quit his ſervice without any reaſon whatever?" "I declare," replied his lovely wife, ſmiling, "you muſt relate every circumſtance of the caſe, before I will give my opinion, and I tell you before-hand, that I ſhall be very unwilling to give judgment againſt honeſt Phelim."—"O, my dear, the caſe is a very ſhort one, and won't bear a moment's heſitation. You know that I paid my addreſſes in the mad time of my life to one Lady Adelaide Moreton, who was reckoned rather pretty, and once that ſhe was very ſick, I thought it beſt to look out for another miſtreſs, that if ſhe died I might not be unprovided. But when I conſulted this ungrateful fellow here about it, what does he do, but ſwear that he would leave me whom he had ſerved ſo long, if I pre-

preſumed to think of any one elſe? "Why," replied Lady Adelaide, laughing, "I think that you ought to have but little regard for him; but that certainly that Adelaide Moreton, whom you talk of, ought to do every thing in her power to make him happy." "He ſays," replied Stephen, "that it is either you or ſhe who can; for that you have great influence over one Sally Welles, whom he wants to marry, that ſhe may ſcratch his back. Now for my part, as I want to get rid of the fellow, I ſhall give him a good farm and five hundred pounds to ſtock it; and I dare ſay that you intend the ſame ſum at leaſt, for your affectionate little nurſe keeper."—Lady Adelaide told Phelim, "That ſhe thought ſhe could not reward the fidelity of both, better than by promoting an union between them; and that any influence ſhe had over Sally, ſhe would cheerfully exert it to promote

mote his ſuit." "O troth, my Lady," ſaid Phelim (who had ſtood all this time, bowing to her and his maſter, ſo oppreſſed with gratitude that he knew not what to ſay), clapping his hands and laughing, "your Ladyſhip need not trouble your head about that matter. All I want is your conſent; for an Iriſhman never thinks of aſking any other conſent, until he has made ſure of the girl's firſt. Now, 'faith, I've not only done that little job, but I've gained her mother's good will alſo."— When the parties were ſo well agreed, the match was ſoon made up after this converſation. The wedding of the beauteous and innocent Sally with the faithful Iriſhman was celebrated at Caſtlemont; and Stephen put them and old Mrs. Welles into poſſeſſion of an excellent farm, which he had received as part of the eſtate given up to him and his wife by Lord Moreton.

Mr. O'Flanagan was a good while before he could perſuade himſelf to quit the ſervice of a maſter whom he loved ſo ſincerely; but the idea of thus becoming a gentleman, and that he ſhould always be near his patron, overcame his ſcruples. The whole Moreton family dined with him the day on which he took poſſeſſion of his farm, which Elliot took care to ſtock for him, as Lady Adelaide did to furniſh the houſe for her attendant; and Stephen inſiſted that he and his wife ſhould do the honours of the table, ſaying, "That Heaven had made him a gentleman, when it made him a man of virtuous principles."—He and his wife now live there together in a comfortable ſtate, which his induſtry is gradually improving into affluence; and enjoy, though not all thoſe ſentimental refinements of love, which ſpring from education,

a purity

a purity of affection, which happy is the nobleman who has not occaſion to envy.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Elliot retired home, in about three weeks after their ſon's marriage, to Roſemont. For the old man became diſguſted with company, whoſe ſuperiority in fortune kept him in reſtraint, and wiſhed for his own houſe, where he could indulge his vanity and boaſt of his conſequence without contradiction. He had not been cured of his propenſity to extravagance by misfortune; but the liberality of his ſon ſupplied his profuſion, which indeed was not now great but uſeleſs; and as age has worn out many of the intemperate foibles of his younger days, his wife is more likely to paſs the remainder of her life in quiet, than ſhe has done the beginning. As to Reynel, Lord Sternhold had, before he left London, commenced a proſecution againſt him,

for

for the falſe impriſonment of his nephew; dreading the conſequences of which, and the effects of Elliot's reſentment, and cut to the ſoul that integrity had been too ſtrong for his ſchemes, and deprived him of Lady Adelaide and her fortune, he has retired to Italy; where he now is in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption. His body worn out with diſſipation, and his mind galled with the recollection of numberleſs villainies, he now ſuffers, as a puniſhment for intemperance, the decrepitude of old age in the very prime of youth; and is continually terrified with the certain gradual approach of death, without the conſolation of a ſingle good act which might give him courage to face it. Mr. Nichols, who viſited Stephen immediately after his marriage, has informed him that Mr. Crofts is ſo far recovered of his wound, as to be out of all danger of dying by it, but that it has obliged

obliged him to go to Bath; and that he would be certainly lame all his life, as a juſt puniſhment for his calumniation of the innocent.—Reader, we ſincerely wiſh that every propagator of ſcandalous ſtories, eſpecially of women, had a ſimilar mark put on him; and as Heaven thought proper to affix a ſtigma on the firſt murderer of the ſpecies, that every honeſt man ſhould do ſo likewiſe on theſe murderers of reputation, which to the fair ſex is more precious than life.

Lord Sternhold has purchaſed a fine ſeat in the neighbourhood of Caſtlemont, where he, the happy Elliot, and his wife, together with the virtuous Doctor Enſor (who reſides with them at the requeſt of them all), live principally. They enjoy an harmony which nothing can interrupt, and paſs a good deal of their time at Caſtlemont, and that family in return with them; but eſpecially Lady Fran-

ces,

ces, who is likely to ſee all her dreams verified, and her good nature made happy, by her marriage, which is immediately to take place with young Lord Weſtham, an Earl infinitely more noble from his principles and his underſtanding than his patent.

As to Stephen and Lady Adelaide Elliot, the reader will, if he love them as well as we do, be glad to hear that they live in a ſtate of happineſs, which human nature has ſeldom ſufficient virtue to be capable of. Elliot ſpends much of his time in improving his lands, in the importent duty of being a father to his tenants, and in qualifying himſelf for ſerving his country, in that ſtation to which his fortune and virtues really entitle him. Nor is Lady Adelaide leſs active in her more domeſtic ſphere, and confined province of doing good: it is in acts of benevolence to her poor neighbours, in improving her taſte by reading, and

in

in exerciſing her exquiſite muſical talents to delight her huſband, that ſhe ſpends her time, until the duties of a mother ſhall claim her attention.—Our hero perceives every day new beauties in the mind and perſon of his lovely and ſentimental wife, the ſweet variety of whoſe charms long poſſeſſion is ſcarce adequate fully to perceive and enjoy. Thus poſſeſſing that moſt exquiſite of all happineſſes, an inexpreſſible felicity in making each other happy, their life is a round of reciprocal tender endearments. They live as lovers, with their loves diveſted of anxiety; and cannot but be completely bleſſed, while death ſpares each to the other.

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